JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 9, 1926

Vol. XL. No. 1060

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

Postage all over the world, 1d.

THERE IS NO STRIKE!

by

G.K.CHESTERTON

The Man who Swears by

Beecham's Pills

THINNESS

For a little free advice on the cure of THINNESS, write to the E. M. Bureau of Health and Cure (Dept. B.J.), 40-42, Chandos Street, London, W.C. 2. Principal: Eustace Miles, M.A.—for many years recognised as the leading British authority on food and its relation to health. Give details of your diet and any information that will throw light on your case. Write name and address in capitals and send 1½d. stamp for postage.

WEAK KNEES

SLIPPING CARTILAGE, Synovitis, Weakness after Fractures, RHEUMATISM, Paralysis, Sciatica, Varicose Veins, Knock Knees, etc.

NO MORE ELASTIC STOCKINGS. Varivane Supports are an entirely new Method of Relief. Economical, cool, comfortable; made strictly to measure of unshrinkable material, readily adjusted. Washable, repairable, and last for years.

How to measure. Give size around the leg at C.D.E. over bare skin.

How to order. State for which leg, and whether for Varicose Veins, Weak Joints or Weak Legs.—Send measurement with P.O. (Postage 2d Extra).

KNEE SUPPORT Class A. 10/6 Class B 7/11

Varivane Supports are also made for Thigh, Calf and Ankle. Send for Illustrated Book, Post Free.

THE VARIVANE CO. (Dept. 55), 56, Borough High Street, London Bridge, S.E.1.

What Made His Hair Grow?

Read His Letter for the Answer.

"Two years ago I was bald all over the top of my head.

"I felt ashamed for people to see my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald, until I used Kotalko.

"How hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since—and no return of the baldness."

This verified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wild. He is but one of the big legion of users of Kotalko, who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff or added new, luxuriant hair growth.

Test-Box Coupon

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy Street (53JJ), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps,

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Reader loses Sight of Eye

JOHN BULL Pays £125

Mr. W. Hailstone, of 5, Cross Roads, West Town, near Bristol, was chopping up sticks to put into his grate when a piece flew up, striking him a blow in the eye, blotting out the sight. As a registered reader, Mr. Hailstone receives a cheque for £125 from "John Bull."

A few of the HOME ACCIDENT BENEFITS paid this Week.

BOLSOVER.—Mrs. M. WYRE, 1, Carr Vale Cottages, Carr Vale.
LUTON, KENT.—Mrs. E. FERRIS, 22, Albany Road.
RISHTON, MON.—J. H. BARTLETT, New Inn.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. J. HOGG, 91, Rose Street.
WESTMINSTER.—Mrs. C. THOMAS, 7, Grosvenor Gardens.
WIMBLEDON.—Mrs. A. R. BEDDOE, 49, Trinity Road.
SHEFFIELD.—W. PROCTOR, 22, Dover Road, Ecclesall.
SOUTHAMPTON.—Mrs. A. E. TELTEY, 11, Granville Street, Chapel.
CHESTERFIELD.—Mrs. M. J. MINTER, 23, Canal Wharf.
FROME.—Mrs. A. STICKLAND, 49, Water Lane, The Butts.
SOUTHWICK, SUSSEX.—Mrs. B. HAMPER, 16, Albert Road.
GREENOCK.—Mrs. W. BUNTAIN, 37, Cathcart Street.
STOCKPORT.—Mrs. M. E. MOTTRAM, 72, Coronation Street, South Reddish.
RHONDDA VALLEY.—Mrs. M. H. THOMAS, 61, Bute Street, Treorchy.
TREHARRIS.—W. WRIGHT, 42, Webster Street.
ILFRACOMBE.—Mrs. B. L. BRAUNTON, Havengore, 11, Montpelier Terrace.
LONG BURTON, Nr. SHERBORNE, DORSET.—Mrs. C. OBAM, Sunnyside.
NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mrs. H. PRIEST, 14, Mayfield Avenue, Cramlington.
SOUTHFIELDS.—Mrs. R. S. BAKER, 77, Engadine Street.
RHONDDA VALLEY.—Mrs. E. R. WILLIAMS, 94, Marian Street, Clydach Vale.
SHERNESS.—Mrs. N. A. M. HILLS, 8, Winstanley Road.
BRAMFIELD, HERTFORD.—Mrs. D. EDWARDS, 4, New Cottages.
PORTSMOUTH.—Mrs. E. CAPLE, 92, Bevis Road, North End.
WANTAGE.—Mrs. H. HOPSON, 46, Priory Road.
ENNISCORTHY, Co. WEXFORD.—Mrs. K. MITTEN, 4, John Street.
STIRLING.—Mrs. J. PATERSON, 9, Weaver Row, St. Ninians.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. M. CHARLTON, 18, Eighth Avenue, Heaton.
BURNLEY.—Mrs. S. A. HALES, 26, Fieldon Street, Off Accrington Road.
AVELEY, ESSEX.—Mrs. C. S. RAINES, High Street.
EAST ARDSLEY, Nr. WAKEFIELD.—Mrs. H. WARD, 10, Hillroyd.
FERNCLIFFE.—Mrs. S. FREAR, 35, Brunswick Street.
RIPLEY.—Mrs. E. COOPER, Victoria Road.
LEWES.—Mrs. M. BONWICK, 31, North Street.
MANSFIELD.—Mrs. M. A. REDFERN, 56, Southwell Road.
GRIMSBY.—Mrs. G. M. REDMAN, 34, Garibaldi Street.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. F. A. JACKSON, 11, Juliet Street, Elswick.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. N. LIDSTER, 89, Hobson Street, Failsworth.
BARNSBURY.—Mrs. I. M. MEDCALF, 148, Hemingford Road.
PARTICK.—Mrs. A. BARR, 36, White Street.
THETFORD.—Mrs. A. CLARK, 10, Earles Street.
GLASTONBURY.—Mrs. B. A. FORD, 1, Victoria Buildings.
LEICESTER.—Mrs. R. RAINER, 41, Pembroke Street.
FULHAM.—Mrs. A. H. CHRISTIAN, 1a, Stowbury Road.
BELFAST.—J. T. MCGILL, Ardoyne Cottage, Ardoyne.
LAVENDER HILL.—Mrs. R. V. STEPHENSON, 71, Bassett Road.
LONDONDERRY.—Mrs. M. K. MCLAUGH, 17, St. Columb's Wells.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been forwarded to the Newsagents concerned.

Not only against Accidents but against FIRE, STORM, SICKNESS, etc., 'John Bull' covers you free.

CUT HERE.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader

Reader's Name.....Age.....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)
Address.....
.....
Reader's Signature.....
Name and Address of Newsagent.....
.....
Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

J.B. 9/10/26.

CUT HERE.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....
Address.....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature.....
Address.....
Date .....

J.B. 9/10/26.

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

2/6 EVERPOINTED PENCIL FREE!

John Bull's Wonderful Gift Offer

SEE WHAT YOU GET—AND SAVE!

The "John Bull" Pen, with 14-ct. Solid Gold Nib, Iridium tipped, worth	15/-
2/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil, with refills, FREE	2/6
TOTAL VALUE	17/6
You send Six Coupons and p.o. for 4/- (plus 3d. postage and insurance)	4/-

YOU SAVE 13/6

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

Your name Engraved in Gold on Pen 6d. extra.

EQUAL TO A 17/6 PEN.

I just cannot say how pleased I am with the Pen and Pencil. Such a wonderful Bargain! The Pen is equal in every way to one for which I gave 17/6. (Signed) *W. J. Lewis, 62, Gelligaer Rd., Hengoed, Cardiff.*

Written 8 Years Guarantee with every Pen.

Wills's

GOLD FLAKE

CIGARETTES

WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS

10 for 6d 20 for 1/-

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

To his surprise

Corns lifted right out

Why endure the agony of corns when Radox Bath Salts can get rid of them for you? Why torture yourself with cutting and plastering when, painlessly and without danger of caustics, Radox so acts upon the corn that you can lift it right out root and all. It is the root of the corn that causes all the pain. Radox gets down to the root and tackles that. Read this letter:—

"I wish Radox Bath Salts every success. The foot troubles I have endured for years have vanished. I can assure you the corns I had have gone, and it seemed when my feet were in the Radox water it penetrated right under the corns and to my surprise I could lift them right out."
2nd September, 1926. *E. P.*

When you put your feet into a foot-bath containing Radox the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it can be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is obvious that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts. More Radox Salts are sold than any other kind, a further proof of its efficacy. Ask for Radox at your Chemist's, price 1/6 per ½ lb. pink packet; 2/6 double quantity.

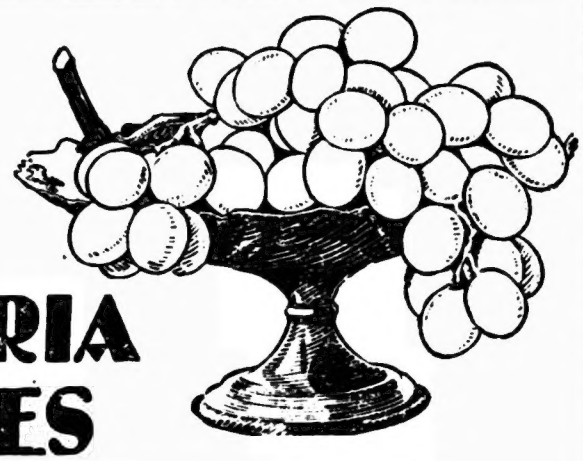
1/6
Half Pound Pink Packet.

Radox Bath Salts

GIVE YOUR FEET THAT "KRUSCHEN FEELING."

Buy

ALMERIA GRAPES



Now you can obtain abundant and delicious bunches of sun-ripened Almeria grapes, rich in the stored sunshine of the Spanish Vineyards.

The juice of grapes is a wonderful energy producer, excellent before meals, an aid to digestion, refreshing and thirst quenching. It keeps the blood rich and pure. A stand-by in illness and invaluable in convalescence, grapes bring health to the home. Splendid for the children, they contain sugar which warms and fattens. Eat Almeria Grapes plentifully now, they are at their best.

Eat More Fruit AND KEEP FIT

Ask your fruiterer for the book "Fruit and Health," Price 2d.

80 pages containing valuable advice by a well-known medical man and nearly 200 fruit recipes, etc. If unable to obtain a copy send us your fruiterers' name and address with 2d. in stamps, and a copy will be sent post free.

Issued by the Fruit Trades' Federations, Advertisement Department, 10-13, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.4.

WHEN SENDING Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL

THE MAIL ORDER MARKET

A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain Hunters

PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 8/- down and the rest in easy monthly instalments until you have paid in all **52/6**

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns, Catalogue and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & Co
36 LANGHAM ST, LONDON, W.1.

SAMPLES FREE

LATEST! IN REAL FLOOR COVERING

60 SQ. FT. for 15/-

Thicker than Linoleum. Waterproof, Rotproof, and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors. Being stainless, a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. Supplied in rolls containing 60 sq. ft. for 15/-; 120 sq. ft. 30/-. Longer lengths pro rata.

All rolls are two yards wide.

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS, 30, Carter Street, London S.E.17.

PAROLEUM

AGAIN REDUCED. Now only

5-7-6

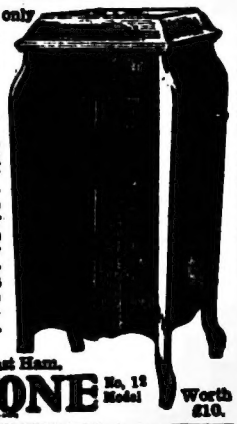
Carr. Paid U.K.

or £1:0:0 down and eleven monthly instalments of 9/-.

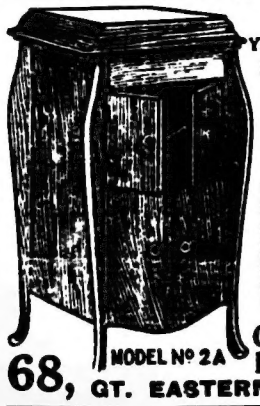
Handsome Cabinet, beautifully Oak finished, and possessing an unusually pure tone and great volume. A delight both to eye and ear. Strong motor—one winding plays three records. Write for new Catalogue NOW or examine full range of models at The Cabinet Gramophone Co. (Dept. J.B.29). 73 Camden Road, London, N.W.1.

Phone: North 2335.

Also 149, High St. (N.), East Ham.



FULLOTONE No. 12 Model Worth £10.



YOURS FOR **3/-** PER WEEK

Handsome Model finished Mahogany or Oak. Fitted with our Famous Double Spring 3 Record Motor, & every Mechanical Refinement. Write for ART CATALOGUE. Or Call at our new Showrooms.

MODEL No 2A

GRAMOPHONE Mfg. Co. Dept. K28

68, GT. EASTERN ST., E.C.2.

SEND NO MONEY

WRITE NOW!

and receive post free our FREE BARGAIN LISTS of the MOST MARVELLOUS BEDDING VALUE EVER OFFERED. Have the "CENTO" BARGAIN BEDDING SALE on FREE APPROVAL—1 pair warm fleecy LAPLAND Blankets, 1 heavy Under Blanket, 1 pair Sheets, 2 Pillow Cases, 1 Bolster Case, 1 "Nestor" Quilt, 1 Wadded Quilt, etc. All double bed size. EASY TERMS from 1/6 weekly. Satisfaction or money refunded. WRITE NOW!

SMITH'S

(J.B.1) 286-870, Lavender Hill, Clapham Junction, London, S.W.11.

STYLISH LOUNGE SUITS

FINEST VALUE IN THE TRADE.

7/6 NOW

Our simple self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply a stylish well-fitting garment.

We Deliver the Graves 50/- suit to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in monthly payments, if satisfied. Money refunded if disappointed.

Patterns Post Free. Send post card for patterns cut from actual cloth lengths from which suits are made. Prices from 50/-.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

SENSATIONAL OFFER

To "John Bull" Readers.

27/6 EACH

BLUE MELTON OVERCOATS Carr. Paid.

Positively To-day's Greatest Bargain. Perfectly tailored and smartly cut, with good quality velvet collar, half belt, with pleats, or self collar, plain back with fashionable waisted effect. Three outside pockets, two pockets inside, lined throughout. A "snip" you cannot afford to miss. Send to-day cash, or pay the postman. State height and chest measurement.

Satisfaction or Money back.

STEWART BROS. (Dept. 7), 107, Walworth Road, LONDON, S.E.17

FLOOR COVERINGS

Thicker than Cork Lino. Damp proof. Rotproof and Sanitary. Suitable for Wood, Stone, Brick and Concrete Floors. Lies flat without any fastening.

1/11 per square yard, carr. paid to your door.

Send now for free samples of Exoleum, Congoleum and Cork Lino; also Special Rug List containing many Wonderful Bargains.

CHARLES JONES & SON
(Dept. J.B.)
82, Tower Bridge Rd., London, S.E.1
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

2/- Deposit

We claim THE EXCELLAITE LOUD SPEAKER to be the MOST PERFECT TONED SPEAKER yet produced.

Send us 2/- and we will send you one of our Excellaite Loud Speakers that cannot be surpassed for Purity of Tone, Volume and Value for Money. If, after testing, you are perfectly satisfied, you pay balance by monthly instalments as follows:—

Baby Model Price 26/-	4/-	mthly
Standard ,, ,, 57/-	5/-	,,
De Luxe ,, ,, 57/6	5/-	,,

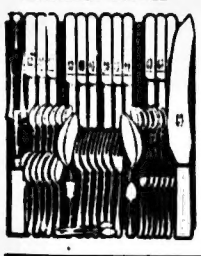
Complete Sets from 30/- to £30 on the Easiest of Terms.

Send at once for our Latest Catalogue (Summer Prices).

THE WIRELESS DISTRICUTING Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.) Wireless House, Stoke Newington, N.16

SHEFFIELD CUTLERY SERVICE WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.

Stainless Knives



1 pr Double Shear Steel Carvers, Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Steel Table Knvs & 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knvs, Ivory stained handles, 2 Table Spoons, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spoons 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spn. 1 pr Sugar Tongs 1 Jam Spn. 1 Salt Spoon, all of Columbian Silver which wears white throughout. **50 pieces 50/- Terms: 5/- now & 5/- monthly.** Five per cent discount allowed for cash on delivery. Complete Approval. **WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.**

5/- NOW

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

WARM WINTER OVERCOATS

1/6 *Weekly.*

Our Winter Overcoats made to measure in the latest style can be purchased by instalments from

These coats are made in Tweeds, Box-cloth, Nap, Velour, Melton, and check-backs to your choice, and are perfectly tailored and delivered within 7 days. Send for FREE Pattern Book, latest Style Leaflet and Self-Measurement Form. There is no extra charge for Easy Payments. Purchase your Overcoat from a Firm of expert tailors established over half a century). Made to Measure from £2-2-0.

42/-

THE "B & C" CO.,
Universal Providers,
(Dept. J.17), SOUTHAMPTON

WORLD'S BEST

In Value, Quality and Tone. Every instrument made in the Graves Sheffield Factory and guaranteed perfect in every detail.

TERMS: Our bargain prices for Deferred Payments. Send 5/- now, & 11 monthly payments of 5/- Five per cent discount for cash. Complete Approval

Graves Gramophone (Hornless Model) size 16½ x14½x7in. Strong silent motor with worm drive, nickel plated fittings, and super-sensitive reproducer. £3 0 0

ALL BRITISH

5/- NOW

CATALOGUE POST FREE.

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

"ARTOLEUM" FLOOR COVERING

FROM **15/-** PER ROLL

NO CARRIAGE TO PAY!

Water — Germ — and Fish Proof. Unsurpassed for Stone —Brick— Damp Wood Floors. 60 square feet, 15/- carr. paid. Longer lengths proportionate.

Money returned if not satisfied.

CASH OR TIME PAYMENTS.

FREE SAMPLES and COLOUR CAT. & CORK LINO BARGAINS. Write to-day or call.

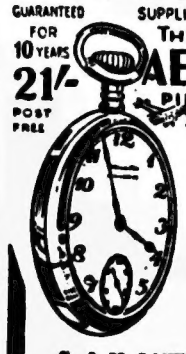
J. LLOYDS, 102, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.1.

GUARANTEED FOR 10 YEARS

SUPPLIERS TO IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

THE ORIGINAL AEROPLANE PILOT WATCHES

21/- POST FREE



Famous the world over. 15-Jewelled Lever Movement, hinged case with dome, 10-Jewelled Lever Movement, screw case back and front. Both damp and dust proof, non-magnetic hair spring and two adjustments. Visible escapement. Tested and timed to a minute a month. To-day's wonder value. Also wrist watch sizes.

G. & M. LANE & CO., Dept. J.B., 26, Ludgate Hill, LONDON, E.C.4

FLOOR COVERING 750 ROLLS ONLY

10' PER ROLL CONTAINING **60** SQUARE FEET

SPECIAL SALE OFFER. Unequalled Value.

Send no money, but write for FREE Samples of actual material. Every roll 3 yds. wide.

HAWKEN & Co. Dept. J.B.11
122 WARDOUR ST LONDON W.1.

"Bullets" Prize-Winners!

(*Continued from page 3*).

£5 Prize-winners—*continued.*

H. MEDHURST, 5, Dixon Street, Swindon.
A TRAGEDY—"FIVE MONTHS" AND "COSTS."

E. T. MORTON, 20, Hill Street, Edinburgh.
AFTER A HOLIDAY—No *Taste* For *Accounting.*
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

J. P. O'DONNELL, 113, Wansbeck Road, Jarrow-on-Tyne.
IN POVERTY STREET—WASTE NOT—WANT *Lot.*

F. PARTRIDGE, 11, Poulter Road, Aintree, Liverpool.
GOOD DAY'S WORK—OR—"GOOD DAY, WORK!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

B. W. WILLIAMS, 14, Ryton Avenue, Gorton, Manchester.
WE MUST HAVE—DISARMAMENT, To *Fortify* LEAGUE.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each.

F. ASTBURY, 33, Birdwell Road, Grimesthorpe, Sheffield.
SAID TO BABY—"BYE-BYE—*Hear* YOU LATER!"
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon)

E. S. CHARLTON, 16, Grosvenor Road, Church End, Finchley.
IF FATHER WERE MOTHER—WORKING LATE AT *Home.*

D. GREENWOOD, 385, Whitchorse Road, Thornton Heath.
WHAT IS BRITAIN?—"MONEYLENDER" CAUSING NOBODY'S SUICIDE.

J. A. GREGORY, "Oaklea," Dalewood Road, Beauchief, Sheffield.
MODERN DANCERS—HARNESSED, MIGHT CHEAPEN ELECTRICITY.

M. KELLY, 5, Strabane Old Road, Londonderry.
WHY I'M POOR—I'M LIVING *On* STATE.

F. KNIGHT, 390, New Hey Road, Huddersfield.
IN POVERTY STREET—ONLY "GROANING BOARDS"—GUARDIANS.

J. E. LUDLOW, 39, Sandow Road, Birkdale, Southport.
HOW TO KEEP WELL—UNNECESSARY—SO MANY CURES.

MISS M. ODDY, 51, Kimberley Street, Hollinwood, Lancs.
IN POVERTY STREET—TABLE DEPENDS ON CHARITABLE.

R. WARE, 20, Friezewood Road, Bedminster, Bristol.
WHAT THE BRIDE SAID—"HERE'S A SMOKER, HARRY."

A. YOUNG, 115, Albert Road, Glasgow.
SOME HOPE—"SOLOMON" FOR OUR MINTS.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

C. Allen, 34, Colenso St., West Hartlepool.
W. G. Allen, 3, Beechwood Av., Harrow.
J. Aitken, 2, Wood St., Partick, Glasgow.
Miss F. M. Ames, 252A, King St., Hammersmith.
F. Baglin, c/o 32, Gt. Cumberland Pl., London, W.
W. T. Beedell, 8, Elton Rd., Exeter.
J. Beer, 2, Albion Cott., Rough Common, Canterbury.
R. Bell, 3, Beccles Rd., Oulton Broad, Lowestoft.
Mrs. M. Brown, 10, Bramshill Rd., London, S.E.
Miss A. Campbell, 6, Hall St., Renton, N.B.
L. W. Carpenter, 17, Powell St., Clapton, E.
J. L. Chrisselow, 4, Smithies, Heckmondwike.
L. Clarke, 108, Spencer Bridge Rd., Northampton.
S. Clarke, 15, W Block, Fenham Blks., Newcastle.
H. W. Colson, 1, Vernon Av., Beeston, Notts.
Mrs. R. C. Cook, "St. Martins," Hucclecote.
A. E. Cook, 1, Mapledene Cottages, Cheltenham.
A. Cowan, Trent House, Trent Rd., Brixton Hill.
Mrs. Cowie, 140, Chillingham Rd., Newcastle.
E. H. Cross, Park View, Gibbs Rd., Newport, Mon.
M. Cunningham, 52, Leyshon St., Graig, Pontypridd.
G. E. Davies, 51, Caledonian Rd., Wisbech, N.B.
Mrs. E. Donne, 59, Gordon Rd., Lr. Edmonton, N.
J. F. Doober, Killala, Co. Mayo.
T. Dorman, Beckett Court, Brookland, Kent.
Miss N. Duff, 75, Baffin St., Dundee.
S. F. Everitt, 62, Alfred Rd., Feltham, Middx.
H. Farmer, 29, Ormsby St., Reading, Berks.
E. Gilbert, 190, Shrewsbury St., Brook's Bar, M.C.
C. C. Goodale, 11, Sunbury Av., East Sheen, S.W.
Mrs. N. Goodge, 126, Leagrave Rd., Luton.
B. Greatrex, 21, Llest Terr., Llantwit, Glam.
W. H. Gwilliam, Albion Cinema, North Shields.
H. Hallowell, "Thornville," Davenport Pk., Stockport.
A. Harbron, 140, Walmer Rd., Fratton, Portsmouth.
C. Hatton, Cot Lane, Kingswinford, Dudley.
Miss A. B. Haydon, 275, Yardley Rd., Birm.
B. Haynes, 22, Queen St., Bridlington, Yorks.
M. Healey, 101, Hartley Rd., Radford, Notts.
T. Hebden, 7, Hillary St., Staincliffe, Dewsbury.
W. Hesketh, 32, Long Lane, Ashton, Preston.
C. Hewerdine, Warkworth House, Isleworth.
E. Holden, 59, Elmwood Rd., West Croydon.
R. Horne, 62, Tivoli Pl., Horton, Bradford.
P. S. Hufton, Kandahar Villa, Vera Rd., Norwich.
Mrs. C. M. Hutt, 119, Grove Rd., Sparkhill, Birm.
A. Innes, c/o Hume, 16, Maryfield, Edinburgh.
C. Innes, 9, Linskill St., North Shields.
D. James, Rhyddwen Rd., Graig-cefn-Parc, Swansea
Mrs. A. E. Jaynes, Jnr., 19, Martyr St., Glasgow.
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(*Continued on page 6.*)

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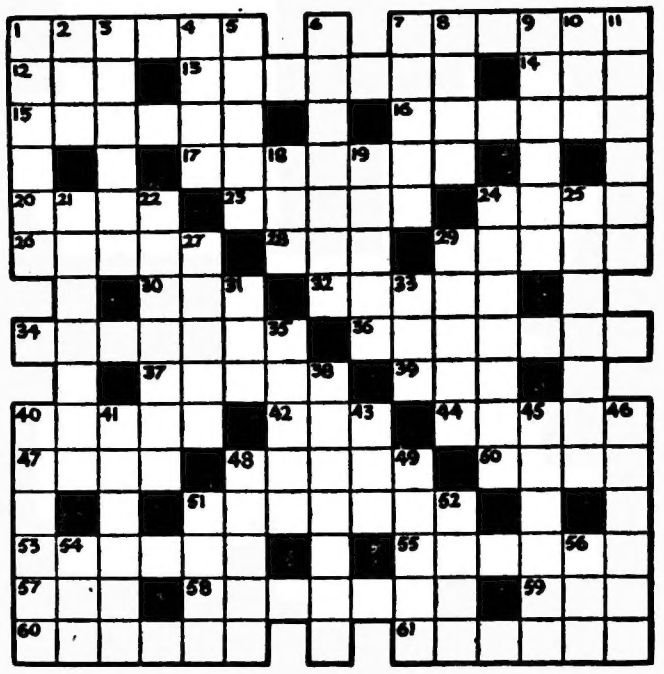

CLUES ACROSS

1. Rivulet.
7. Suspenders.
12. Shelter.
13. District.
14. Period of time.
15. Branch of a stag's horn
16. A giddy girl.
17. A yellow dyeing matter.
20. To send out.
23. Ancient Roman language.
24. A little alley.
26. Coster's sweetheart.
28. Ay.
29. Group of Isles N.W. of Shetlands.
31. Horn.
32. Kingdom.
34. A vegetable.
36. Fancied.
37. Equipped for war.
39. Barrel.
40. Commencement.
42. Alcoholic liquor.
44. Lukewarm.
47. Observed.
48. Discharged
50. Costly.
51. Produced.
53. Kind of beard.
55. Obtain the use of for a time.
57. Insect.
58. Harangue.
59. Before.
60. Staggered.
61. A bank officer.

CLUES DOWN

1. Quenched.
2. A number.
3. Keep.
4. Highest point.
5. Pertaining to walls.
6. Lustre.
7. Commence.
8. Destruction
9. Visitor.
10. Self talk.
11. To sink down.
18. A card game.
19. Engaged for payment.
21. Absence of conceit.
22. A drinking vessel.
24. Injured.
25. Small blue flowers.
27. Vital organ.
29. Swift.
31. A tree.
33. A lumber vessel.
35. Weird.
38. Lasting.
40. Clay shell in which fine pottery is baked.
41. Supply with air.
43. Camo together.
45. Web-footed ocean bird.
46. A sliding box.
48. Liberated.
49. To charge with debt.
51. Yield.
52. A cupola.
54. Single item.
56. Crude mineral.

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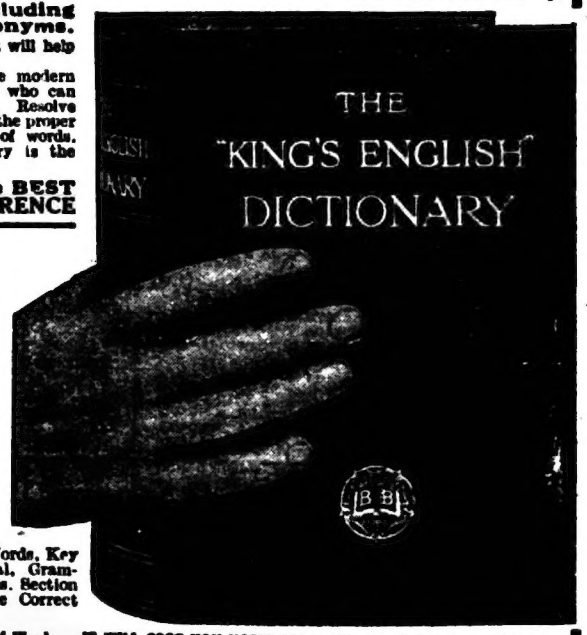

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(*Continued from page 4.*)

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W. Sued, 3, Ashworth St., Bamber Bridge, Preston.
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W. Swift, Pear Tree, Mirfield, Yorks.
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J. H. Thornton, 28, Haigh Rd., Haigh, Lancs.
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C. Watson, 6, Council Cotts., Worcester Park.
H. White, St. Helena, Silloth, Cumberland.
C. Williams, 3, Coombe Cotts., Tenterden, Kent.
Miss E. Wise, c/o 44, Selsdey Av., Nottingham.
F. C. Wood, 16, Mansfield Av., Blackley, M.c.
R. C. Wren, 30, Clarence Rd., Kentish Town, N.W.
A. C. Wright, 230, High St., Perth, N.B.
H. Wright, 4, Evelyn St., Sunderland.

List of Five-shilling Prize-Winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 612 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners can be seen at the Offices of "JOHN BULL."

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 615 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 616.

IN ITALY	NOT MENTIONED
THANKS TO COOK	REGARDLESS OF
EVERY DAY	ON MONDAY (EXPERIE
GOLDEN WEDDING	IF FATHER WERE NOT
TO OUR CREDIT	CROWDED HOUSE
NOT WORKING	IN THE MIRROR
HOPEFULLY	FOR SIXPENCE
HER FORTUNE	WHAT IS THE AIR?
TELLING	BEYOND ME
WHAT THE CAT SAID	
MAKES HER SUSPICIOUS	

These Examples may be made use of on the Coupons on page 9, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **616** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. **616**, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.). Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for "Bullets" No. **615.**

The Completed Puzzle

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle published in our last issue

This week's puzzle is on this page.

S	H	A	G		A	L	T	A	R		M	A	R	M
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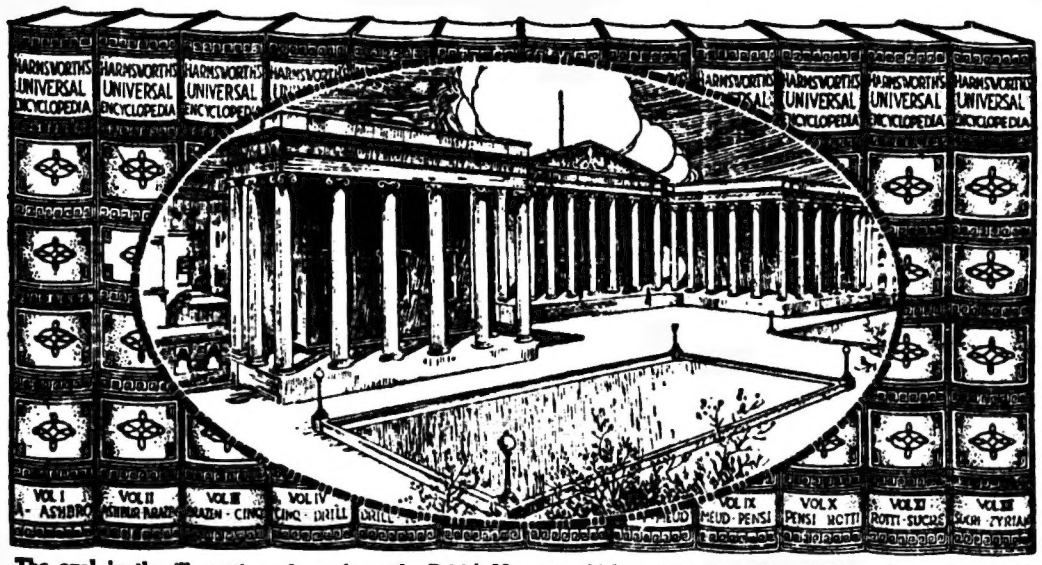

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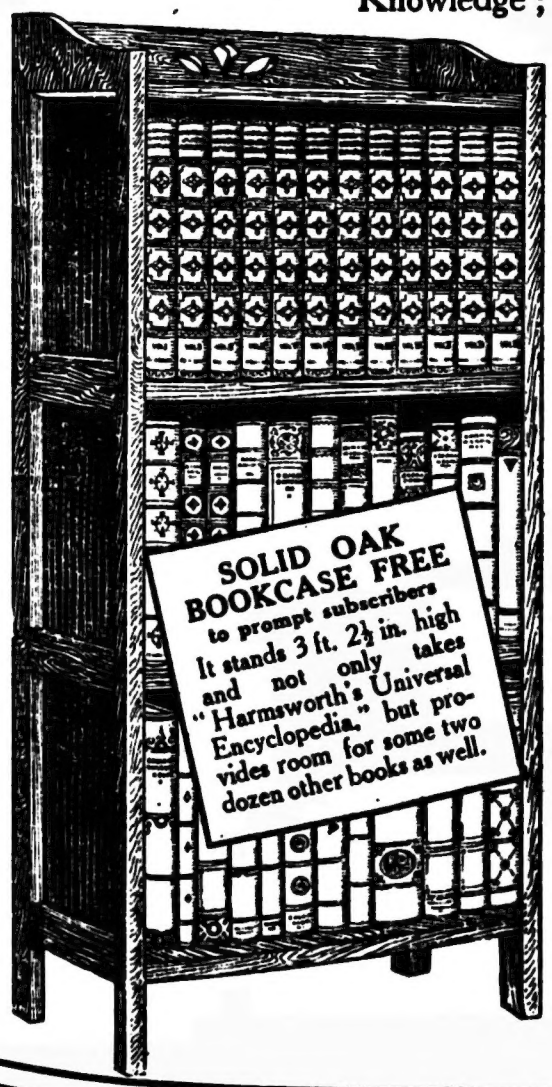
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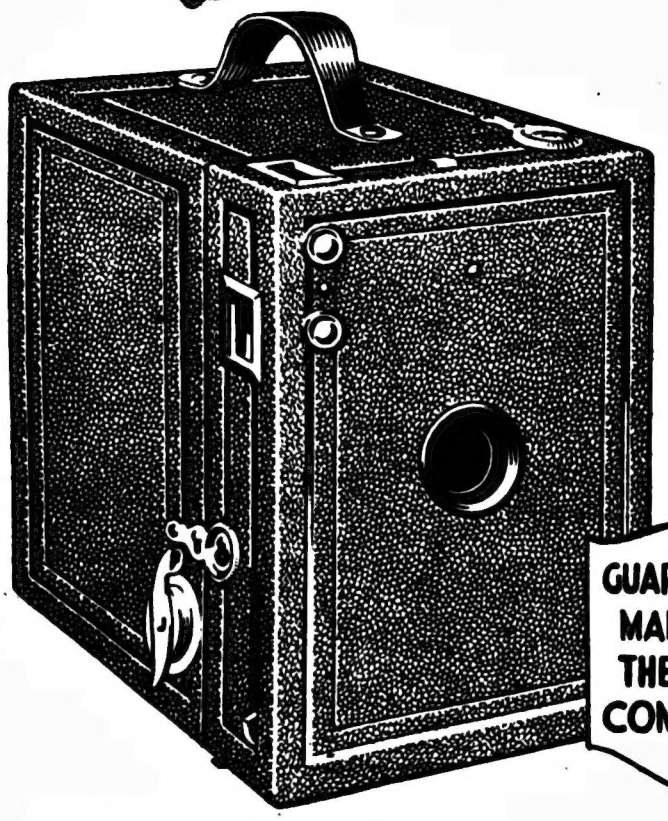

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The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

Room at the Top.

The leadership of each political party is conspicuously open to "the coming man." Unfortunately in no case does the man "come."

Expectant Ministers.

To understand political moves in the next few months it must be realised that about half the Cabinet have their eyes on the succession to Mr. Baldwin. It is almost taken for granted that the Premier will not lead his party at the next General Election.

Slyness Not Enough.

In the game for the leadership there will be cunning play among Ministers, but more caution than boldness. This may win the party headship, but will it win the Premiership? For the country's urgent need is a wise boldness.

Ramsay and L.G.

With their minds turning again to the political weapon and a national campaign, the Labour Party is not happy about its leader. In the coal debates Labour men felt acutely that Ramsay was far inferior to Lloyd George in grip and resource.

To the Ambitious.

Parliament has a tremendous work before it in the next generation. Every Parliamentary recruit now carries in his bag a Premier's truncheon. And, believe us, a truncheon is what future Premiers will need!

The Puzzle.

In the repeated reassembling of Parliament Ministers acknowledge that a state of emergency exists. We defy a Socrates to explain why they dispersed again without taking one solid step towards ending the emergency. To drift is lunacy.

As You Were.

In addition to no settlement being reached the debates were feeble and futile, without fresh facts or arguments. The country can reach but one conclusion: Statesmanship is anæmic.

"Hear! Hear!"

"It is no part of the business of a Government either to break or to bolster the Miners' Federation. Their one duty is to stand strictly to a scheme of settlement . . . which offers the best hope of peace." Thus the *Times*. As a hint to the Government and a sharp rebuke to hot-heads it couldn't be bettered.

Britain's Chill.

On the very day Parliament dispersed the Lancashire spinners of American yarns decided to close their mills two weeks out of three. It's coming home to millions that foreign coal can neither support trade nor "keep the home fires burning."

Walk Warily.

We advise the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations, which opens its annual conference at Scarborough on October 6, to be careful how it debates proposed legislation with reference to trade unionism and the general strike. The proverb referring to fools and angels was never more applicable.

A Sacred Right.

We agree, however, that mass picketing, especially when it amounts to intimidation, is un-British, and should be prohibited by law. The right to work is a sacred privilege.

As You Were!

We don't like the way Germany is already beginning to bluff. To make her entry into the League of Nations the occasion for a demand for colonies, with veiled threats if these are denied her, is quite in the bad old manner.

Ministerial "Rises."

In two years the salaries paid to members of the Government have risen from £137,560 to £144,000. What can be thought of the sincerity of Ministers who, after promising rigid economy, increase their own stipends by £120 a week?

Business Only Meant?

Numerous dinners, and the like, are being arranged for the entertainment of our guests during the coming Imperial Conference. Though these can do no harm, alone they will "butter no parsnips." The Empire calls for a closer reciprocal trade. Business first, if you please!

Unsatisfactory.

The Food Council still exists, but we hear less and less of its activities. It has produced many startling facts, but in bringing down prices it must be written off as a failure.

Placing the Blame.

The truth is the position of the Food Council is invidious. It is composed of keen and willing members, but the Government that called it into being rendered it innocuous from the start. It has been given no real powers.

Lowered Vitality.

In industrial districts there is an average decrease of 30 per cent. in the consumption of meat by working-class families. The sadness is that it isn't being made up in other ways. Food purchases all round are automatically lessened by the coal stoppage.

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Distress Widespread.

West Hartlepool overseers are finding it impossible to meet the calls of the Corporation and Guardians. The issue of 5,000 summonses for non-payment of rates tells its own tale.

Children and Cattle.

Four children of Randers, East Rutland, are suffering from foot-and-mouth disease, thought to have been contracted from the milk of an infected cow. If the authorities are seeking justification for stern measures, here it is.

Baffling Science.

To cure the disease by killing the patient seems to be the only policy of the Ministry of Agriculture. Isolation and experiment cure disease among human beings. It would do the same for cattle.

Martyrs to Motherhood.

It is appalling to learn that in England and Wales 3,000 women die annually in childbirth, mostly from causes which could be obviated by skilled treatment. Midwives knowing too little undertake too much. The law must be tightened.

Attention Needed.

It's a pity the proposals of the Ministry of Health for Poor Law reform attract such little attention. They are far-reaching and demand examination. The ratepayers who will have to pay the piper ought to see that they call the tune.

It's Needed.

The lawyers foreshadow changes in the lunacy laws. The time is ripe for a full revision. The public uneasiness is not without foundation. Very grave abuses exist, as our pages witness.

Humanity Calling.

Sir Berkeley Moynihan, the celebrated surgeon, declares cancer curable, *if taken in time*. In that case the public should be taught how to recognise first symptoms. Doctors must forget their unfounded fears of writing for the Press.

The Truth.

"British goods," says Sir Sydney Skinner, "rank higher than any others in the New World. If home taxation were lower, trade within the Empire would receive a wonderful impetus." Every day of industrial trouble brings higher taxation. So are prospective markets lost.

P.O. Progress.

Crossed warrants, negotiable as cheques, will presently be at the disposal of Post Office Savings Bank depositors. It's a wise move. Even thrifty people like to find their money readily getatable.

Endangering the Public.

Mr. J. W. Dane, Chief Officer of the Croydon Fire Brigade, has performed a public service by drawing attention to the danger of fire arising from cheap electric wiring and tubing. Shoddy work in this respect should be made a crime.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Past Understanding.

Pity the poor kiddies who have fathers of the type of James Cunningham, of Maryhill. Until the child's face was blue Cunningham held his four-year-old lad in icy-cold water. The jail-school has a cure for callous fathers, and this heartless man is undergoing a well-earned course of lessons.

A Worthy Appeal.

We sincerely trust that the appeal of the National Playing Fields Association to the controllers of all football clubs to allow elementary schoolboys to play in their grounds, will meet with a ready response, especially as proper supervision is guaranteed. It will be a real boon to hundreds who would otherwise be confined to the streets.

The Meanest Act.

When Herbert Danby, dairyman, of Dewsbury Road, Leeds, was killed in a motor-cycle collision, it was discovered that his body had been robbed, £40, which the day before he had drawn for his holiday, being missing. It is to be hoped that the miscreant will be traced and given exemplary punishment. To thieve from the dead is to drop below the level of decent human beings.

False Weights.

If it is true, as is suggested, that men employed by scalemakers to adjust shop-scales and balances are frequently unskilled and incompetent, the thing is a scandal. The Board of Trade says it can take no action unless there is a public demand for it. But if the public is ignorant of the extent to which it is being defrauded it is the Board's plain duty to act without waiting to be asked.

A Tricky Knave.

If ever three months' hard labour was thoroughly earned it was in the case of Victor Henshall, convicted of fraud at Brighton. Wearing the Victoria Cross, the Military Medal, and the Distinguished Conduct Medal, to none of which he was entitled, and hiding his arm under his coat to pretend it had been amputated, Henshall had extensively fleeced the charitable. His present address is the right one.

A Humane Experiment.

The experiments at Moorfields Hospital, London, in the interests of the blind, merit our best wishes and encouragement. Already the ultra-violet ray treatment has proved of inestimable benefit to many patients, and hundreds are awaiting their turn. Additional lamps are now being installed. The institution is performing a splendid work, which might well appeal to the philanthropist.

Extenuating Circumstances.

When Alfred Smith, forty-nine, a market porter, was sentenced at Guildhall to a month's hard labour for stealing a camp-bed, it was stated that he and his wife and eight children lived in two small rooms. Life under such conditions is enough to weaken the moral fibre of anybody, and we are sorry that it was deemed necessary to send a man with such responsibilities to prison.

It's Bad for the Rest.

Although Sidney Charles Nicholls, of Aberkenfig, Glamorgan, possessed £560 in the bank and £10 invested in war loan, he represented himself as penniless and drew at various times relief amounting to £23 2s. 6d. Found out, he has been fined £2, and has also refunded the money, but that doesn't end the evil. Guardians once gulled are suspicious. Nicholls' fraud makes relief for the honest poor harder to get.

Are You Shocked?

"It is a shocking state of affairs" was the comment of Judge Ivor Bowen at the Whitchurch County Court, when informed that a cottage with only two rooms, one upstairs and one down, was occupied by the tenant and his wife, two daughters and three sons, the eldest nineteen years old. The trouble is that such conditions shock us far less than they should, and would if our consciences were in better trim.

The Old Archer.

Age has not dimmed the sportsmanship of Mr. Walter Rye, of Norwich. At eighty-two he has just completed a good season of archery. At the last meeting he attended he was on the target in the true Robin Hood style. When a young man, Mr. Rye set up world records for walks of from one to seven miles. We hope this fine old British sportsman will continue to keep as fit as a fiddle. He is the doyen of the archers of England.

Brave Words.

Down came the roof at a Hemsworth outcrop, and William Rounds and Henry Henson, who were getting coal, were buried by the "dirt." The head of Rounds was cleared by gallant rescuers, but the first thoughts of the buried man were not for himself. "Don't bother about me," he said, with Henson's kiddies in mind; "look after the other chap." When Henson's little ones think of their dead father they will remember those brave words.

Jail for Profiteers.

We have spoken of the milk ramp, whereby millions of citizens are being robbed daily. Much more subtle is the manner in which customers are deprived of their just dues so far as tea is concerned. It is by reducing the quality that this is achieved; indeed, many of the cheaper brands have been withdrawn from the market altogether. In addition, the short-weight evil is in the ascendant. These unprincipled profiteers must be dealt with as the criminal scum that they are.

The Plan of Hunger.

When, to be sure of something to eat, men enter a stationary motor-car and sit there till arrested, it is time for the Government to get a move on, or to get out. This was the scheme of Frank Higginson, Clement Roberts and Alec Moore, all without homes, and it succeeded. They pleaded that they were starving, and had been tramping for three days. The Marlborough Street magistrate directed the attention of the court missionary to their case, and we hope happier days are ahead.

The Human Machine

Never Too Late!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

THERE come moments, I suppose, to us all when we look at what we have accomplished, gaze enviously at the heights to which it seems that we shall never attain, and wonder if it is not time to give up the fight.

The years are slipping by, and success, real success, seems as far off as ever. Is it worth while to go on striving—or shall we be content with what we have gained and let the rest go?

This mood, which few escape, is an insidious enemy, a foe to be fought on sight and crushed out of hand. It is always worth while to go on striving, for you can never tell what arrow shot at a venture may hit the mark.

THE late William de Morgan, the famous novelist, was not always a novelist; in fact, he never wrote a line until he was past sixty.

He had attained fame as a master potter—and illness overtook him. Bored with lying idle in bed he asked for paper and pencil and began to write, and the master potter, at the age of sixty, began a new career as a successful novelist!

You never can tell. If you make no headway at one job that is no reason why you should not succeed at another.

Is it worth while to go on striving? Yes, emphatically yes! Why give up at the turn of the road when just round the corner may lie the goal?

A V.C. Turned Down.

When, in the war, Private Richard George Masters risked everything to save others' lives, the nation's tribute was the Victoria Cross. Out of work in Southport, he is now seeking a chance to earn a living. The Corporation's reply to his application is that he is over forty, and too old to be given a job. Such ingratitude to one of the town's bravest should cause the responsible members of the Corporation to lose their jobs.

Policewoman's Pluck.

That police women often have nasty jobs to tackle is shown by the experience of officer Winifred McLintie of Walsall. When she arrested a canal boatman, Joseph Hicklin, and a woman, Hicklin kicked her and even bit her hand. Nevertheless, Miss McLintie held him until assistance came and ensured the wrongdoer meeting with his deserts. Miss McLintie is suited to her job. She shows courage and perseverance.

Cause and Effect.

Dr. E. Somers, at the National Catholic Congress, held at Manchester, deplored the fact that many women seek to pay for their hired furniture before saddling themselves with the care of children. Personally we cannot find it in our hearts to blame them. The sooner opponents of birth control recognise that the problem is more economic than moral the better will it be for their cause. An empty larder often means an untenanted cradle.

Cancer Can Be Cured.

For the first time in medical history doctors in conference have issued an agreed statement on the dread disease of cancer. We are told that it is not contagious, infectious or hereditary, and that it is curable in its early stages. Defective teeth are often a danger signal, and these should never be neglected. Personal cleanliness is also a great preventative factor. We are encouraged to hope that before long physicians will have cancer under complete control.

A Real Good Sort.

Mr. J. G. Greave, a builder, of Yange, is a typical modern Samaritan. When Edward Kennedy, a Londoner, was being marched through the yard of the Southend police court on his way to serve fourteen days in lieu of a £1 fine, Mr. Greave, a perfect stranger, asked him what the trouble was. Not only did he pay the fine, but he provided Kennedy with a ticket back to London, and gave him 5s. to keep his pocket warm. Such kindly actions are as beams of light in a dark world.

A Thorough-paced Rascal.

Representing himself as single, Edgar Bond, a married man and insurance agent of Stoke-on-Trent, by offering marriage to Mrs. Sarah Jane Perry, drained the poor widow of her savings, the pitiful £40 she had scraped together during her hard work at a pottery factory. Bond goes to prison with hard labour for twelve months, but the harm he leaves behind him is incalculable. It is woman's natural aptitude for "mothering" and making a home these wretches exploit.

Guilt and Gold.

How much longer is the cowardly pretence that there is one law for rich and poor alike to continue? Every lawyer knows it is a lie. A poor defendant cannot claim legal assistance unless he first discloses his defence, and then it is granted only at the discretion of the judge. Yet the prosecution in a criminal case has ever the finest legal talent at its command. The Poor Prisoners' Defence Act is little more than a farce, and it is time Parliament moved in this vital matter.

Driven Off the Land.

The orders concerning farm wages announced by the Agricultural Wages Board are melancholy reading. In Hampshire and the Isle of Wight the minimum wage is to be 30s. for a summer week of fifty-one hours and forty-eight in winter. In Somerset the workers will receive 32s. for fifty hours, in Wiltshire 30s. for the like number, and in Pembroke and Cardigan 31s. has been fixed for fifty-hour hours. While such low wages are sanctioned by the Government it is small wonder that the young men flock to the cities.

The Last Straw.

Until his health broke down a poor fellow at Hartlepool dragged wearily through the streets, seeking in vain for a job over four long years. In hospital was his sick wife, and when she came out they had to leave their only home. It was the last straw, and the coroner's verdict was "Suicide whilst of unsound mind." But that is not always true of those who give up life because statesmanship has failed.

Comfort from the Colonel.

Colonel George Harvey, ex-Ambassador of the United States to Great Britain, predicts that America will ultimately be willing to accept from England a sum total equal to the original principal of her debt. He bases his view on the time-honoured theory that a gentleman cannot take interest from a friend. We hope the colonel will prove a true prophet. Meanwhile, we go on paying, and look as pleasant as we can.

Spare the Prince!

Common-sense people will heartily approve the action of the Prince of Wales in "reluctantly declining," except on very special occasions, invitations to public dinners that have no particular national or imperial significance. His general sympathy with every branch of science, art and trade is understood. For the rest no more awful fate could befall any man than to be compelled to spend his life in an unending round of public dinners.

A House Divided.

The Willesden Green P.S.A. booked a speaker to whom, for personal reasons, the minister, the Rev. E. Ball, took exception. When the committee declined to withdraw their man, the parson replied by refusing to allow any more Popular Saturday night concerts to be held, with the result that the P.S.A. has severed its connection with the church. Without presuming to judge on the rights of the matter, we cannot but remark that such unseemly bickering is neither Christian nor edifying.

He Needs Treatment.

Summarily dismissed by the guardians of Rochford for acting "ghost" and making weird shadows and wailing noises at the workhouse where he was engaged as mental ward attendant, Edwin Gell, of Northfield Avenue, appealed against the decision at Southend County Court, but was told by Judge Crawford, "A mental ward of a hospital is not the place for practical jokes." If he had added, "Those silly enough to perpetrate them prove their own fitness for mental treatment," we should thoroughly agree with him.

A Prussian Policeman.

Mr. Harry Vaughan Nelson, a Stockwell Road business manager, objected to the noise made outside his house at one o'clock in the morning by a constable who was taking particulars of a motor accident. He claimed that his wife was ill at the time. Not only did the policeman deny the truth of this, but arrested the householder for obstruction. We are glad that Mr. Rooth dismissed the case with a severe rebuke. To march a respectable citizen through the streets like a common felon merely for asserting his rights was a flagrant injustice, and P.C. Thomas should be made to answer for the indignity.

The Worth of a Mother.

At Manchester City Police Court, Mrs. White, the mother of Archibald White, aged twenty-three, of Travis Street, appeared with her battered face in bandages, her eyes blackened and her nose and mouth swollen. The injuries had been inflicted by her son. Four policemen were needed to drag Archibald to the station, and when asked what made him beat his mother he said "Nothing." Evidently the magistrates, Messrs. F. Fenn and A. Edmonds, thought the affair "nothing" also. The simple fine they imposed on kindly Archibald was merely 20s. For the sake of motherhood itself Manchester ought to have something to say to these magistrates.

To Northern Readers.

Our Special Commissioner will be in Scotland and the North of England for several weeks from October 11, and will investigate cases of injustice, swindles or unfair distress brought to his notice. Readers requiring advice or assistance should send outlines of their cases to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking the envelopes, "Special Commissioner (Northern)." Interviews will be arranged in the principal cities, including Glasgow, Dundee, Edinburgh, Carlisle, and others to the south.

The Block Dodge.

The Carlyle Publishing Co., Ltd., of 103, Kingsway, London, W.C., offers free publicity in *Town and Country News* with the old, old reservation that the person singled out for its generosity shall purchase the blocks used for illustration at a price of 2s. 6d. per square inch. Our advice is to find out the total figure you will have to pay before signing the agreement.

Circular Testimonials.

Mrs. Jennie Ball, of Colony Cottages, Foleshill, advertises that she will "gladly furnish written and personal proof" of how she was cured from consumption. The "proof" merely consists of a circular letter boosting "Kasco Tubacyllus," a specific sold by Cassell and Co., The Laboratories, Dunkirk, Nottingham, to whom "enquiries for further particulars of the treatment should be made." Sufferers should be wary. Reputable advertising is not done in this roundabout way.

A Wonder Street Wonder.

Answering an advertisement which offered from £3 to £5 per week for spare time work, a Clifton reader was surprised to receive a letter from H. Hartley, of Wonder Street, Wakefield. "We ask no fee whatever for details of this homework," wrote Mr. Hartley, "beyond to cover our own expenses, which is merely 5s." The "we" presumably refers to the writer himself, who seems to be yet another misguided member of the growing band of amateur home-employment mongers.

Caught at Last.

Readers who recall our vigorous exposures of the Northern Festivals Association—a bogus institution run by Charles Cowen Pearson, formerly a Poor Law clerk at Stepney—will be pleased to learn that our repeated demands for his arrest have at last been answered. Pearson was apprehended at Leeds, and, pleading guilty of charges of obtaining money by false pretences, has been sentenced to six months in the first division, to be followed by three months in the second division.

A Warning.

Mr. John Hill, secretary of the Boilermakers' Society, has received a letter from Mr. J. O'Toole, of the Federated Boilermakers and Iron Shipbuilders of Australia, warning him against advising British workers to accept jobs in Sydney, New South Wales. They are required simply for a spurt, by which the employers hope to catch up arrears owing to a recent lock-out, after which emigrants would find themselves stranded. To risk so long a journey without a guaranteed continuity of employment is folly.

An Unsolicited Offer.

Following the publication of his name and address as a successful "Bullets" competitor, a Nottingham reader was favoured with a sheaf of unsolicited circulars. Amongst them was a communication from the Universal Supplies Company, of Market Place, Kendal. "We do not ask you to buy," ran its message. What then was its object? It enclosed coupons and a catalogue and outlined a scheme whereby a free gift might be obtained. It was, of course, the hoary old "snowball" scheme, which seems destined, like the poor, to be always with us!

READER LOSES SIGHT OF EYE

"John Bull" Pays £125

See page 2

Problems of Life

Going Downhill

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A VIRULENT transatlantic criticism of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new book says that this brilliant author wrote himself out long ago, that he is now getting old and has lost his power, but does not like to admit it and is trying hard to retain his hold on the public by means of cheap sensationalism.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling

Of course this is nonsense. Of all the men in England who know how to go downhill gracefully none can surpass the author of "Soldiers Three" and "The Jungle Book."

He has always sat loosely to his fame, maintains an air of detachment and independence, insists on living his own life in his own way. And his genius is not exhausted, whatever his detractors may say.

He is not old yet either, but he takes things more easily than he used to and is quite serene in regard to the passing years.

How many people can say as much?

One of the most difficult things in life is to learn to go downhill without becoming saddened in the process.

There is more than one way in which we may have to go downhill.

ONE is constantly coming across persons to whom misfortune has come in one guise or another, with the result that they have been compelled to accommodate themselves to poorer circumstances and a narrower sphere.

The war has thrust many excellent families into this irksome position. Where once they were well-to-do they have now become impoverished through no fault of their own; they have come down in the world.

It is not in human nature not to feel this—sometimes very keenly.

To have fewer friends and enjoyments, to be forced to pinch and scrape and struggle, and to see no chance of improving one's conditions, is apt to cause bitterness of heart and depression of spirit.

Then there is the experience known as failure of health, which may come unexpectedly or as the slow result of decline in physical vigour with the remorseless approach of old age.

Some people never manage to reconcile themselves to this and consequently are made very unhappy thereby.

TO learn the art of going downhill fearlessly and calmly is possible to anyone and is one of the greatest gains of life.

The first step is to acquire contentment, and this is easier than might be imagined. It is mainly a matter of making up one's mind.

The next is to take an interest in others, to be unselfish, to look kindly upon what is going on around us. There is a lot of quiet pleasure in this.

Lastly, it is well to accustom ourselves to the thought that every phase of life has its own peculiar beauty and that its lowly stages are the best of all.

MARTYRED FOR A DAUGHTER

HARD LABOUR WITH HONOUR

Parents on the Rack

A STRUGGLE is at the moment being waged in one of the poorer quarters of Birmingham, the outcome of which is of vital moment to millions of working-class people.

On the one side are ranged the mighty forces of bureaucracy and the law. Facing them are a humble man and his wife, who are poor to the point of want. Their only backing in the struggle is a strong human affection for the children whom they brought into this world.

The menace of the official "kidnapping" of children by the almost omnipotent body called the Board of Control is emphasised as never before.

The principals are Alfred James Albutt, of 6, Pritchett Street, Birmingham, and Leah Albutt his wife, whose case was first brought to the notice of our readers two months ago.

At the time, following a succession of appearances in the police-court by the couple, Mrs. Albutt had spent four days behind prison bars.

The parents' agony

Her offence was that she refused to hand over to the authorities her daughter, Violet Leah, at the end of a seven days' holiday from Seafield House, Seaforth, where the girl had been incarcerated by the Board of Control.

In the interval there have been striking developments. Mr. Albutt has suffered a sentence of one month's hard labour without the option of a fine.

Released only the other day, he is threatened with further proceedings and a stiffer penalty. Mrs. Albutt is under remand and is also liable to undergo the same agony.

If the law takes its course, one or the other, or both, may keep dodging in and out of prison for years. The only way they can remove themselves from the threat of proceedings is to deliver up their daughter.

This they refuse to do. Legally they are wrong. The charge against them is perfectly valid. As law-abiding citizens they ought to hand over their daughter to the care of the Board of Control.

Far be it from us to suggest otherwise. At the same time, we are entitled to express our admiration for the spirit which has prompted them to break the law.

A question of freedom

The English martyrs who suffered and died for their principles broke the law; so did Oliver Cromwell; and John Knox preached treason. They were all law-breakers, but they carried forward the torch of liberty.

So with these two humble folk in Birmingham. They have broken the law, but it is a harsh law, and one which we have declared time after time ought not to exist.

The Albutts have defied the law. Both father and mother declare that, as it is a question of whether they shall lose *their* freedom by being sent to jail or that their daughter Violet shall lose *her* freedom by being confined in a Board of Control institution, they choose the former course.

An appealing suggestion

Violet is the eldest of their five children and is now eighteen. At the age of eight she was knocked down by a motor-car and since then has suffered from nervousness and a defect in her speech; otherwise she is normal.

Less than two years ago, the Albutts were approached by the educational inspector, who suggested that it would be a good thing for

Mrs. Leah Albutt

Violet if she spent some time in an institution where she would be taught a trade.

After some hesitation, the parents agreed to let the girl go for a period of twelve months. She left them on January 1, 1925, and went to Seafield House, Seaforth, near Liverpool.

A staggering intimation

They visited her as frequently as their slender means would allow and gained the impression that, although she was well-treated, her nervousness, instead of being cured, was becoming worse, owing to her great unhappiness at being separated from her parents and brothers and sisters.

The "trade" she was learning was to scrub floors.

The Albutts looked forward to the end of Violet's term at the institution, feeling that she would be far better at home. They reckoned without the board.

The year passed, but still Violet remained at Seaforth. Then the intimation came that the board had decided that Violet would be the better for another twelve months at the institution!

The parents were not consulted. According to the law they had no say in the matter and they had no appeal against the decision.

They succeeded in getting Violet seven days' leave "on licence." On licence, now, after she had been sent away voluntarily!

On reaching home, Violet pleaded tearfully that she should not be taken again, and, moved to the depths of their being, Mr. and Mrs. Albutt hid her away and informed the authorities that they had no intention of returning her.

That is why they are being prosecuted—we might almost say persecuted. Mr. Albutt has gone to prison with hard labour. He will go back for a longer sentence if the Board of Control demands it, and his wife will go with him.

Their only offence

Why? *Because they are poor people who have dared to love their own flesh and blood more than the law says they should.*

And the children in cases such as these are suffering the greater injustice of being deprived not only of the affectionate care which only a mother can bestow, but of that priceless thing called freedom.

Our legislators and many comfortable people of their class do not seem to realise that this fear of having their children "taken away" is becoming a real nightmare to the mothers in Poverty Street.

Any day little Jimmie or Nellie may get into trouble over some paltry offence and be brought up at the Children's Court. On the magistrate's order the child may be sent to an institution and remain there for years, perhaps for ever.

Strange as it may seem to some people, the mother may love her children with an intensity quite as deep as that of the society woman. And, just as strange, she believes that it is better for a child to be free in a slum than a prisoner in an institute.

Before sending Alfred James Albutt to prison, one of the Birmingham magistrates told him that he was "obstinate." In other words, he was obstinately fond of his own children. What a crime!

The magistrate was doubtless influenced by the evidence of the inspector, Mr. R. W. Blackie, that the "Albutts were poor people and had four other children." That is their only offence.

An unequal fight

We can confirm the inspector's report. We visited the Albutts the other day, and found them to be terribly poor. The breadwinner had just spent a month in jail and had consequently lost his job as a road labourer with the Birmingham Corporation.

But there is nothing else against them. They are honest, decent people who have nothing to be ashamed of.

Rather should the community blush that while its money is being spent to maintain a mean-spirited, dangerous and ever-growing bureaucracy, it should be left to two poverty-stricken souls in a Birmingham back street to carry on Britain's age-long battle for liberty.

A Hollywood Hoax

Chrystall's New Pose

FIRED with an ambition to place certain manuscripts which had been left to her by her grandfather, a Sheerness reader was attracted by an announcement in the press which seemed to suggest a possible market. It was the lament of a film expert who was complaining of the lack of good stories.

As our reader deemed her grandfather's manuscripts to be suitable for adaptation for the films, she decided to consult the expert and ask his advice.

In due course she received a most encouraging letter from the expert.

"I am in receipt of your stories," he wrote, "and I am endeavouring to have them placed immediately. They will all require a little brushing up and to be typed out before submitting them to the film editors."

The letter then requested the lady to forward a money order telegram for £5 3s. 6d. immediately, and the "expert" added, "I shall come to see you in Sheerness as soon as I can get the business finalised."

A thin possibility

The lady was further assured that it was "possible" that she would receive a "very good offer in cash very shortly." The request for the telegraphic money order was repeated with emphasis, and the writer wound up by saying that he considered the stories excellent.

Although she was in poor circumstances, the lady managed to scrape the money together, and on another occasion she paid 12s. 6d. as "half cost of a cable to Hollywood."

She waited patiently for early news of "a very good offer," but it did not come. After a time, however, she received a further communication from the "expert" which filled her with misgiving.

It opened abruptly with the statement, "I have paid out on your account quite a lot of money and I must ask you to kindly remit me something further by return."

If it was not possible for her to pay anything substantial, the letter continued, perhaps she would be able to pay in instalments.

A fortunate coincidence

The writer followed up this bitter pill with a lump of sugar. "I have received a message from New York," he declared, "and it is possible one of your stories will go to America."

As in the former letter, the request for a further remittance was repeated before the letter closed.

Fortunately for our reader she had purchased her copy of JOHN BULL prior to the arrival of this last letter, and in it she had read, to her amazement, an article criticising the expert.

He was the Mr. Charles Chrystall whom we criticised a few weeks ago. Prominently displayed interviews had appeared in the Press stating that he had come from New Zealand with £20,000 to spend on British films.

Why doesn't Mr. Chrystall confine himself to big business?

MYSTERY DOCTOR UNMASKED

PATIENT'S TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE

Beware of Dr. Bender

UNREGISTERED medical practitioners may be divided into two classes—those who thrive on publicity and who are constantly proclaiming their own merits from the house-tops, and those who, for various reasons, prefer to avoid publicity and practise on a less pretentious scale.

The latter class is perhaps the most dangerous, for its seeming modesty is calculated to create a false suggestion of reliability. It hints at high qualifications and a desire to prescribe for a few select patients.

A man who falls within this category is Paul Romberg Bender, who resides in Portsdown Road, Maida Vale.

He does not display a plate, nor does he openly adopt the title of doctor; but from investigations we have made we find that there is ample evidence to show that he has practised as a doctor and has tinkered with the health of various unsuspecting people.

And, in view of our discoveries, we have no hesitation in denouncing him as a very dangerous practitioner.

Attractive exclusiveness

Some time ago a gentleman heard of Dr. Bender through an acquaintance. There was all the hazy, but attractive suggestion of "high qualifications" and "exclusiveness."

Innocently enough, the gentleman thought there would be no harm in consulting this exclusive doctor. He believed himself to be suffering from gastritis at the time and felt in need of some treatment.

He was duly examined by Dr. Bender, who did not disclose his diagnosis.

Bender then declared that his patient must place himself in his hands for a six months' course of treatment.

The gentleman agreed and the treatment which Dr. Bender gave him consisted of medicines, powders and tablets. But all the time the exclusive doctor made no hint as to the nature of the trouble.

A point of etiquette

The patient's condition did not improve, but he foolishly continued to trust himself to the tender care of Dr. Bender. When he suggested that another medical man should be called in for consultation Bender disagreed, saying that it would not be etiquette.

This went on for nearly three years, with the patient growing worse instead of better. Finally, the sufferer wisely decided to break away and consult a less-exclusive practitioner.

As soon as he had made his examination the humble practitioner told the gentleman that he must have known for a long time that he was seriously ill, and he asked him why he had not consulted a medical man long before.

When the patient explained that he had been under the care of a doctor for two years and nine months the practitioner was incredulous.

And his astonishment is not to be wondered at, for the result of his own examination had disclosed the fact that the patient was suffering from advanced tuberculosis.

In view of this can anyone doubt that such dabblers as Dr. Bender are a source of untold danger to the community?

Here is a clear case of a man, treated for nearly three years by an individual whom he believed to be a skilful medical practitioner, but who does not know until he consults a certified medical man that he is suffering from tuberculosis in an advanced stage!

And in the meantime Bender has pocketed something like £150 for his "professional services."

The medical man who made this tragic discovery at once reported the facts of the case to the General Medical Council. As he fully anticipated, he received a reply from the registrar to the effect that Bender could not be traced on the Medical Register.

Unfounded claims

Subsequent enquiries on the part of the registrar drew a letter from Bender in which the latter stated that he was an Austrian and that he possessed certain German qualifications.

He added that he would call upon the registrar, bringing his diplomas for perusal, and that he would shortly be leaving the country.

Neither of these promises was fulfilled. Bender did not put in an appearance with his diplomas, and he is still in this country.

Bender first came under the notice of the General Medical Council in 1914, when a lady referred a case that

Dr. Bender

he was treating to the Medical Defence Union.

At that time Bender had several addresses, and after making full enquiries the General Medical Council stated that he was not a legally qualified practitioner in the United Kingdom.

Bender has claimed to be a member of the International Red Cross Society of Geneva; but we are able to state that the secretary of that order has placed it on record that Bender is quite unknown to that society.

In the words of the registrar of the General Medical Council, Bender "is not, and cannot be a legally qualified practitioner in the United Kingdom."

We have shown, moreover, that his claims to qualifications, whatever they may be, cut no ice in this country, and that his methods are fraught with danger for any poor sufferers who may entrust themselves to his care.

In these circumstances, we are surely justified in demanding that his activities shall be curbed.

"Say It by Telephone"

Waiting for Dead Men's —'Phones!

DURING the past few months space has been purchased in the leading daily and periodical press in which an accusing finger points emphatically at you and the letterpress enquires, "Why don't *you* have a 'phone?"

Perhaps the following episode, which is vouched for by one of our readers, may answer the query.

This gentleman is a resident of Sunbury-on-Thames, his residence being on the main road, along which the telephone wires are carried, and swayed by the apparent ease and cheapness of the installation, he sent an order for an instrument.

Promptly an official arrived and offered helpful advice as to where the 'phone should be placed.

Waiting to points

He apologised for being unable to begin the work at once, but thought that it would be accomplished inside a month.

Six weeks elapsed without any result, and our reader sent a post-card enquiring when the work was due to begin. The following is the official reply:

"In reply to your post-card of the 15th addressed to Woking, I very much regret that it is still impossible to accept an order from you for the telephone. I still cannot say when work in connection with the provision of additional underground cable will be completed.

"Of course, if a subscriber in the neighbourhood of Staines Road gave up his connection the circuit thus thrown spare could be utilised for you. I am watching this point, and will communicate with you at once if anything can be done to meet your requirements."

A case for prospect

It will, therefore, appear that he will have to wait until a Sunbury subscriber dies, and, in the event of the deceased's relatives desiring to discontinue the 'phone, our friend may be allowed to take it over.

We should be sorry to think that this episode is still typical of up-to-date G.P.O. methods, but that it really has occurred does not redound to the credit of this great Government department.

In conclusion, we hate to think what will happen if there is a waiting list.

There may be quite a number of funerals in Sunbury before our reader sees any hope of obtaining his 'phone.

Hooking the Hopeless

Emigrants' Terrible Plight

ONE of the most popular remedies for dealing with unemployment in this country is emigration to Australia.

Unfortunately, however, "the land of opportunity" cannot find sufficient work for its own toilers and the British emigrants already there.

In Perth, Western Australia, alone, nearly two thousand men are seeking employment through the labour bureaux. A large number of them have been out of work for months, and hundreds of families are starving.

Recently an announcement appeared for "a strong man for road-making: 35s. a week and keep. Bring your own implements." This last condition barred many suitable men from applying.

Let's stop it! Now!

One man, with a wife and four children, managed to get two weeks' work in five months. He was sent up-country with a Government gang. The wage was £1 9s. a week, but from that all wet days were deducted, and his wage were reduced by about half.

He was provided with a tent at a weekly rental of one shilling. The storekeeper in the district had a virtual monopoly of the food supply, and even the plainest fare ran into £2 a week.

He sent the balance to his wife, but owing to the rent being raised during his absence and the fact that arrears were already overdue the poor woman was in a very sorry plight.

A pitiable plight

Her three rooms were almost bare, and she had to pawn her wedding-ring in order to buy milk for a sick baby.

The position of single men out of work is quite as pitiable. The labour bureaux reserve all jobs for married men with families. In no circumstances whatever is there State aid for single men.

With profiteering, up-country storekeepers to contend with for food supplies, it is only single men who can afford to take such work, and yet the labour bureaux refuse to give them employment.

Surely it is not too much to ask of emigration enthusiasts that no more men be recklessly sent out from England until the number of registered unemployed in Australia shows a substantial diminution.

AKMA ASKS FOR MORE

A STRANGE SOCIETY

Circular Letter Fiends

THE approach of winter is hailed with enthusiasm by dubious charity cadgers as a season which yields their greatest harvest. Here we give some words of counsel to the public

WITH the approach of winter, when charity appeals are broadcast from one end of the country to the other, we are receiving a large number of enquiries concerning various individuals and societies who are calling for funds.

As many of these appeals are of a distinctly strange character, a few words of warning should serve to guide our readers.

One of the concerns brought to our notice is known as "The Pillar of Fire."

From its "chapel" at Hendon this strangely-named society has lately been making appeals in the name of charity.

Until recently it ran a small "chapel" in Arlington Road, Camden Town, which was frequented by a number of enthusiasts.

A "Bishop" and a queer society

Why it should have been appealing for funds is not at all clear, and it is not regarded favourably in charity circles.

Its motives are, to say the least, decidedly obscure.

It is true that at Camden Town it provided local children with basins of soup, but its appeals have been made as far afield as Manchester, and the Charity Organisation Society, after investigating its work, has expressed the opinion that it is not justified in making general appeals for cash.

"The Pillar of Fire" is, as a matter of fact, of American origin, and has at its head a person described as "Bishop" Akma White, who would appear to be assisted in running this queer society by various members of his family.

We do not know where Akma White was consecrated as a bishop, but he is certainly not recognised as such in ecclesiastical circles here.

In any case, the Hendon "chapel" is a hole-and-corner affair, with no real claim to charity on anything like a general scale, being merely a branch of this American movement which has its headquarters at Zarephath, New Jersey.

We therefore have no hesitation in stating that people would be wise to give their money to a more deserving cause.

Telling the tale

Apart from appeals which emanate from curious concerns of this kind, there are a number of rascals operating to-day whose appeals should be shunned without hesitation.

Begging-letter writers, for instance, are singularly active just now, and no one should give money to postal mendicant without first of all subjecting their statements to the fullest enquiry.

Readers should be on their guard against a person named A. J. Hamilton, of Lancelot Place, Knightsbridge, who is busily circulating appeals, telling a woeful story of his tragic misfortunes.

He tells of his poor wife and children, and describes at great length how terribly he suffers from chronic chest troubles which keep him confined to his humble bed.

Although he has never come under our notice before, we are able to disclose the fact that he has been imposing upon the generous public in one way or another for twenty years and should therefore be regarded with distrust.

Where to put the appeals

He has been convicted on several occasions for various offences. His appeals should either be placed upon the fire or handed over to the local police, who will doubtless give them the attention they deserve.

Then there is Mr. R. Jones, of Portobello Road, Holland Park, W. This gentleman pens touching letters telling of distress and misery.

In heartrending phrases he tells of a hungry family, unemployment, rent overdue, and threatened eviction from the old home.

Jones, too, is an impostor, and it is not long since he was running a concern called the "Kensington Unemployed Distress Fund," which was an imitation of another relief fund in Kensington.

Now that he is engaged upon sending out cadging appeals, which he runs off by the score on a duplicating machine, he should be left severely alone.

There are many other charity crooks who make personal appeals for funds. Be on your guard lest you should be favoured with a visit from a gentleman who dons clerical attire and assumes a pious air.

A clerical cadger

This interesting character goes from door to door, stating that he runs a mission for the "saving" of wayward girls from the evils of London's night life.

He leaves no literature relating to his institution, but does his best to obtain cash subscriptions on the spot.

We are able to state that this man has no established mission, and however plausibly he may talk, householders should refuse point blank to give him any financial assistance.

The Charity Organisation Society is inundated with complaints about people of the character here described, and the public would help matters considerably if they refused to send even a penny in answer to any charitable appeal without first of all enquiring into its *bona fides*.

A STURLEY TWIRL

FISHY FRUIT DEALER

A Regular Baked Potato

GENUINE traders have many obstacles to encounter. One of the most trying is to be able to discern those whom they can confidently rely upon for a fair and honest deal

WE have lately been investigating a number of complaints regarding the business methods of a firm of produce merchants known as R. V. Sturley, Ltd., of 12, Mercer Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

A City Road firm, for instance, supplied goods to R. V. Sturley, Ltd., nearly a year ago, and their requests for payment have been consistently ignored.

Although they have succeeded in obtaining judgment against this dilatory concern, they are still without their money and have also incurred considerable expenses into the bargain.

A firm in Liverpool has been treated in much the same way.

It forwarded a consignment of goods some time ago, but has never received payment.

When it placed the matter in the hands of a local trade protection society small consolation was obtained.

The society was only able to state that R. V. Sturley, Ltd., was already on its black list and that several judgments had been registered against the firm.

A record of bluff

How is it that R. V. Sturley, Ltd., has been able to continue in business and secure fresh customers?

This question may be a difficult one to answer, but a few additional facts will be of interest.

Any small provincial dealer, for instance, could hardly be blamed for being impressed by R. V. Sturley's notepaper

Practically half the sheet is taken up with imposing matter relating to the business, which is described as that of "Fruit, potato salesmen and importers."

In the centre is a pictorial representation of a dish overflowing with choice fruit

Rabbits, poultry and eggs are also mentioned amongst the produce dealt with, and there is a note to the effect that they settle "Account sales and cheques daily or weekly as desired."

Two telephone lines, codes, telegraphic address, and address for cablegrams all tend to heighten the suggestion that the business is a substantial one.

A just resentment

The truth is that the business of R. V. Sturley, Ltd., is conducted from a couple of rooms in a small side street off Covent Garden.

And, far from being looked upon as a substantial figure in that great market, the company is regarded with great disfavour by honest Covent Garden merchants, who feel that its trading methods are certainly likely to bring discredit upon others.

We are not surprised at this just resentment, nor, indeed, by the fact that R. V. Sturley, Ltd., has been in the habit of overlooking its obligations.

For our investigations have led to the discovery that its leading light is a notorious character in shady financial circles and has long possessed a penchant for obtaining goods without paying for them.

Before the birth of the Sturley concern, Mr. Sturley was associated with a company at Mercer Street, called Robert Victor, Ltd., these being Sturley's Christian names.

Its business was also that of produce brokers.

A year's respite

The firm of Robert Victor, Ltd., eventually collapsed. But this was not the first financial disaster the proprietor had experienced.

Prior to these two concerns Sturley was associated with another company, when he also obtained goods from people all over the provinces by misrepresentation.

The police received so many enquiries and complaints about this venture, however, that they were ultimately enabled to launch a prosecution, the outcome of which was that Robert Victor Sturley spent a period of twelve months in jail.

When he came out of prison, Sturley opened up yet another business in the City, from whence he finally migrated to Covent Garden. And there he has proceeded to conduct the business of R. V. Sturley, Ltd., in the splendid manner we have indicated above.

An artful anticipation

Some of his victims who have obtained judgments against him may possibly think that they can execute on the company's property in the event of the judgment debt remaining unpaid.

Unfortunately, Sturley has anticipated at least one of them, for as landlord of the premises occupied by R. V. Sturley, Ltd., he has a prior claim on the company's assets.

In these circumstances we would advise provincial traders to be particularly on their guard. And, meanwhile, as many small traders who can ill afford to lose anything have suffered badly at the hands of R. V. Sturley, Ltd., we think the police should see if something cannot be done in the matter.

They have had many complaints, and with the information we have disclosed above, they should be able to do something more than write to the dupes saying that the matter is "having attention."

SHAMEFUL ARMY SCANDAL

TYRANTS OF THE FOREIGN LEGION

Soldier's Tragic Story

BECAUSE he had suffered outrageous treatment at the hands of his fellow-countrymen, Francis Arthur Waterhouse, an ex-sergeant of the Royal Artillery, turned in despair to another land.

He was loth to abandon the profession of his choice, and though it went sadly against the grain to enlist under a foreign flag, he eventually left for France with the intention of joining the Foreign Legion.

He enlisted at Dunkirk on August 17 last year and within a few days was bound for Marseilles *en route* for Africa.

On arriving at Tunis he was sent with about thirty other recruits to an Arab prison, where he remained for three days. He was then ordered to Sousse, about 150 miles distant, and was given 75 centimes as "three days' pay." The franc at that time stood at 100 to the £1.

Waterhouse explained that he had been informed on enlisting that his pay would be 10 francs a day, whereupon the officer to whom he appealed declared that there was no such rate of pay in the Legion for anyone below the rank of sergeant.

A rude disillusionment

When Sousse was reached the disillusioned recruit was issued with a suit of drill, a French shirt and American boots.

The drill uniform bore the familiar British Government stamp of the broad arrow, and this old artilleryman's feelings may best be imagined as he recalled the happier days when he had last worn the King's uniform.

At Sousse, Waterhouse was eventually employed at the veterinary hospital, and early this year he met with a serious accident, being thrown from a horse.

His left arm was broken and he sustained severe internal injuries which necessitated his removal to hospital. Here he found that even his slender pay of 15 centimes a day would be stopped so long as he remained in hospital.

Some good friends

Hearing of his plight, we were able to send some small financial assistance from "The Greatest of These—" Fund, and Waterhouse also found a good friend in the British Consul at Tunis, who sent him various amounts to enable him to buy extra food that his shattered frame needed.

Before he finally emerged from hospital this unfortunate man had twice undergone serious operations for internal injuries.

Shortly afterwards, Waterhouse, broken in health, was wandering through the streets of Sousse when he encountered a familiar figure in the form of an officer under whom he had served in India in happier days.

The recognition was mutual, and the fact that he had risen to the rank of major-general did not blunt the sympathies of this officer for one of his old men.

Leading the stricken soldier into a café he motioned him to be seated. "Tell me all your troubles," he said in kindly tones, and listened attentively to the other's unhappy tale.

But this kindly officer's sympathy did not end there. Largely through his interest Waterhouse was finally passed out of the service as medically unfit, with a 10 per cent. disability pension.

His passage was arranged to Dunkirk, and prior to his departure Waterhouse was informed by an official in charge of the records office at Salambo that he would have to apply to the French Consul-General in London for payment of his pension.

Waterhouse arrived in England on September 26, but when he applied to the French Consul-General he could tell him nothing.

So this poor fellow, sadly shattered in health, his wasted frame terribly scarred as a result of two operations, is left stranded and destitute.

Scandalous treatment

We have been successful in securing temporary help for him from the Incorporated Soldiers and Sailors Help Society, but this fact does not lessen the scandal of his treatment at the hands of the French authorities.

And, as we hinted at the outset, this scandal is rendered all the more despicable because Waterhouse has already suffered outrageous treatment at the hands of our own authorities.

Waterhouse had nearly seventeen years' exemplary service to his credit when he was discharged from the British Army for what to most people must seem a trifling offence.

During the course of his service Waterhouse fought in France, being twice severely wounded, and distinguishing himself to the extent of being recommended for commissioned rank.

Mr. Francis Arthur Waterhouse

It was after the war that misfortune first overtook him. He had backed a horse on behalf of two of his subordinates. The horse won, but the bookie bolted. As Waterhouse had lost practically all his own money on the transaction he was unable to reimburse the men.

A court-martial followed and Waterhouse was reduced to the ranks and sent to a military prison for six months. At the termination of this sentence he was dismissed from the service and forfeited his pension.

A tragic sequel

We drew attention to this monstrous sentence at the time and appealed to the Army Council to give special consideration to the matter.

Our appeal was ignored and, as we have shown, this monstrous court-martial has had a tragic sequel.

If this much-wronged man had not been so shamefully treated by our own authorities he would never have enlisted under a foreign flag and would not now be shattered and destitute.

CITY CONTRACTS DISCLOSURES: Sensational Sequel

WE CHALLENGE A COUNCILLOR

WE have apparently caused something of a stir in the ancient city of Norwich. Some weeks ago, acting on the suggestion of a number of prominent local men, we enquired into certain aspects of the administration of the Norwich Corporation.

We formed the opinion that the behaviour of one councillor, Mr. Watling, in writing a letter to a cartage contractor who had secured a corporation contract concerning transport which he, Mr. Watling, was in a position to supply, called for criticism.

The direct sequel has been a full-dress debate by the Norwich City Council, extending over three meetings. The case of Mr. Watling was fully thrashed out.

A plaintive plea

Mr. Watling defended himself at length, concluding by stating that he had not consciously done anything inconsistent with his position.

"If there is the faintest suggestion," he said, "that something I have done might be legally wrong, it has been done in ignorance, but certainly I claim that I have done nothing morally wrong and nothing of which I am ashamed."

Mr. Watling did not find unanimous support for this attitude, and some very blunt things were said.

"Indecent comments"

And after the Watling case had been discussed, a further matter, in respect of corporation tenders, was brought before the council.

After a long and acrimonious discussion, it was decided to hold a special meeting to enquire into charges made against the Tenders Committee.

It is obvious that the ratepayers of Norwich have some good friends on the council, notably Dr. Pope, the Deputy-Mayor, who have no intention of allowing a "hush-hush" policy to mantle the business conducted on behalf of the ratepayers.

That being so, there is no necessity at the moment for us to comment on the discussions.

At the same time, certain remarks were made in the council chamber which we cannot allow to pass.

A Mr. Palmer, for example, declared that they could not have "these wretched 'penny-a-liners' and JOHN BULL and the *Morning Post* making their indecent comments on Norwich affairs."

Mr. Palmer's speech was, on the whole, marked by sound commonsense, but we are a little surprised that he should go out of his way to cast a slur on hard-working members of an honourable profession.

A cowardly attack

Surely, for Mr. Palmer to refer to Norwich journalists as "wretched penny-a-liners" is hardly cricket.

Then there is Mr. Witard, who went out of his way to say that "he had no great confidence in the journal mentioned in the motion"—namely, JOHN BULL.

Mr. Witard is entitled to hold that opinion. But Mr. Witard went much further than that. Before closing his remarks, in which he said that Mr. Watling had been guilty of an error of judgment, he made this statement: "The way JOHN BULL is conducted does not warrant the confidence of the public."

Evidence wanted

That is a grave thing to say, and a reflection on ourselves. As Mr. Witard knows, remarks made at council meetings, like utterances in the House of Commons, are "privileged" and, generally speaking, cannot form the basis of action.

If Mr. Witard is sincere in his allegations he will now furnish some evidence in support of his statement.

With the support of over a million readers who have confidence in JOHN BULL we can do without the confidence of Mr. Witard. He will, indeed, pardon us for saying that it is his loss, not ours.

Meanwhile we invite him to have the courage of his convictions. Let him tell a plain tale without adornment and inform us in what way the conduct of this paper falls short of his ideals of journalistic and commercial morality.

"Tony" the Tarrier

An Alien Act Farce

IT would be difficult to find anything more scandalous than the case of Anthony Alancik, who has been a source of trouble to the police ever since he landed here.

"Tony," as he is known to his low associates in the West End, was born in Kong, Russia, in 1899. He arrived here in May, 1918, and was then described as a labourer, who came for three months, ostensibly to "investigate labour conditions."

He did not come from Russia, but from Chicago. Finding nothing to do and not wishing to return to America, Alancik enlisted in the British Army, and served until 1921, when he distinguished himself at Lambeth Police court, being charged with an offence under the Aliens Restrictions Act.

The magistrate, hearing that he had served in the Army, discharged the case, merely cautioning Alancik as to his future conduct.

After other minor complaints had been made against him Alancik next appeared at Bow Street in 1924 and was convicted for drunkenness.

Jail well earned

Shortly after this he was the cause of a shocking disturbance in North London, in which he assaulted several women, bit one gentleman in the arm and struck a police officer.

For this escapade he was sent to jail and recommended for deportation; but for some reason the Home Office did not act upon this recommendation.

Three months after his release he was again in the hands of the police. Still there was no deportation. Two more apprehensions followed, the second being for contravening the Aliens Act.

Then Alancik was brought up at Surrey Petty Sessions for refusing to work when given a good job. He was given a month's hard labour and a second recommendation was made for his deportation.

Since then a third recommendation has been made, and "Tony" seems to put in periodical appearances at the various police-courts.

A tragic farce

On his last appearance at Bow Street, when he was charged with assaulting the police, the magistrate was rightly surprised that, because Alancik refuses to sign a paper saying he is a true citizen of the Soviet, he cannot be deported.

What a farce! This alien came here "for three months" and has remained for eight years, a source of trouble all the time. And now, apparently, he must remain with us for ever.

If the scandal of Anthony Alancik was an isolated example we could understand it. But in the records of the Aliens Department at Bow Street there are hundreds of others like it, worthless foreigners who have openly broken our regulations.

They must stay here because of a trivial technicality which saves them from being sent back to the lands to which they belong.

LIFE'S NAP HAND

WEALTH FROM WORDS

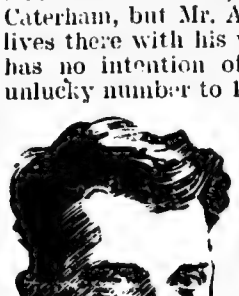
Five Rich Readers

READ below of the wonderful things that have been possible for JOHN BULL readers that seemed entirely beyond accomplishment. Their "wildest dreams" have been realised. Why should this not happen to you?

"I OFTEN wonder what those big 'Bullets' prize-winners do with all their money," wrote one of our correspondents the other day.

That letter set us wondering too. To settle the point we have invited some big prize-winners of the past to look back and recall for their fellow competitors the benefits which "Bullets" success has brought to them.

Down amongst the Surrey hills there is a "dream home." The address is No. 13, London Road, Caterham, but Mr. Allan Grant, who lives there with his wife and family, has no intention of changing that unlucky number to 12A.



Mr. Allan Grant

"Previous to my good fortune," he writes, "my wife and I got along on my weekly wage of £3 5s.

"We could save nothing. But we were happy, my only bogey being what would happen to my family should anything happen to me? Then came that glorious day when I had the news of my £2,000 prize!"

Mr. Grant's first investment was a real holiday. Then he devoted his attention to turning his house into what he calls a "dream home." And after that, prudent man, he laid out the rest of the money in such a way as to assure the future of his wife and children.

Youth's ambition realised

It was not long before the advantages of a healthy bank balance were forcibly brought home.

"Soon after my win," he says, "our little boy Allan had a serious illness and had to go to a hospital in London. 'Bullets' enabled me to pay the costs of four operations and provide him with everything he needed. He made a splendid recovery and now, after a seaside holiday, he is a sturdy, wild little chap."

Mr. A. Stubbs

Now listen to what Mr. Edward F. Robertson has been doing with the £1,500 he won nearly two years ago.

"An open-air life was my chief ambition and 'Bullets' has enabled me to realise it," he writes. "I am now running a small poultry-farm near Oxford, and at twenty-four years of age I am my own master."

Another young man who has taken the "Bullets" short cut to success is Mr. W. W. Pickard, of 21, Kingsley Road, Norwich. At the time of his big win, he was serving behind the counter in a hosier's shop.

"This wonderful prize has enabled me to fulfil my ambition. Up to the present the £1,500 has been invested to bring in a useful weekly income, but shortly I am hoping to open a business of my own. So I am another of the long list of those who have been started in life through a substantial 'Bullets' win."

A welcome holiday

"A cobbler should stick to his last," runs the old adage. Mr. A. Stubbs, whose cobbler's shop stands in Granby Road, Bakewell, has followed that wise advice despite the arrival of a "Bullets" First of 2,000 Guineas at the end of last year.

"I have had the first holiday for twenty years," Mr. Stubbs tells us, "and 'Bullets' has enabled me to buy my own house, besides other property.

"The Two Thousand Guineas has also put me in a position to fit up machinery in my workshop which has increased my business considerably."

Shortly after Mr. G. Parton, of 3, Dale Road, Rawmarsh, Rotherham, secured his £1,500 prize in "Bullets" No. 594, the coal stoppage came to spread privation and hardship amongst the miners and their families.

Mr. G. Parton

"The greatest benefit I have received," writes this winner thankfully, "is that I have been able to carry on through the long strike without having to wait five or six hours in a queue for the weekly pittance which the miners are getting."

The waiting fortune

"My wife and I have been away for a seaside holiday," he goes on, "and that I owe to 'Bullets' too. The bulk of my £1,500 is invested at 5 per cent. and brings me in a nice little sum every week. This prize has put me on a different footing, for now I could do anything any ordinary man could wish for."

"Bullets" has solved these readers' problems—and "Bullets" can solve yours too.

A fortune of £2,500, by far the biggest prize we have ever awarded, awaits you this week.

Do You Vibrate?

A Numerical Necromancer

FROM a small office in Sherwood Street, Piccadilly Circus, W., a gentleman named George Rali is inviting the public to consult a mysterious personage known as "Madame Durali."

Madame Durali is "one of the foremost exponents of number vibration in this country."

If this information conveys nothing to you it must be due to the fact that "practical men and women of to-day give little heed to one of the greatest influences in the universe—that of numbers."

"Numbers mean everything," according to a pamphlet issued by Mr. Rali, and Madame Durali, apparently, knows things about numbers that would surprise you.

You, for instance, have a number of your very own, and madame can deduce it for 1s., supplying you at the same time with your colours and "indications and general characteristics."

Harmonious dates

If you care to risk 5s. madame can give an extended reading of your number characteristics, "showing weaknesses to be avoided, etc., with dates in the following twelve months in harmony with you and beneficial for marriage, business ventures, etc."

For those who desire to go more deeply into this mysterious science madame offers a full reading from birth date and name for 10s. 6d. £1 1s. will secure a personal interview.

"The usefulness of Madame Durali's services," we read, "is particularly recommended to business men." Many past clients, it is claimed, actually refuse to proceed with new ventures without consulting her as to the most advantageous dates to commence.

The power of a number

"Numbers," we learn, "show the best periods of life for our advancement; where we should reside; with whom we should associate; the people whom we should marry happily; where business conditions are good for us; the best period for work—when to extend operations and when to take things quietly."

Names, apparently, have vibration values, which influence the destiny of the bearer. For instance, the pamphlet goes so far as to suggest that if Charlie Chaplin had been named "Will Jones" he would not have become famous!

"Bring the name down to a number and the power behind it is revealed" is a message that should be joyfully received in our prisons.

Madame Durali, we are informed, is of British birth and extraction, the name having been assumed "solely for the value of the vibration."

Whilst we are not in a position to dispute madame's vibratory value, we can at least appreciate the fact that there is little value attaching to her strange doctrine, which is only likely to appeal to ignorant and foolish people.

WHEN a business goes bankrupt it is taken over by the Official Receiver. When a business that is a national necessity goes bankrupt what other sensible course is there except that the nation itself should take it over?

There is no Strike!

by **G. K. CHESTERTON**

IN the charming provincial town in which I live, people still ask me for the latest news of the Strike, for the real facts about the Strike, for my opinion about whether the Strike will continue or collapse. They seem to be under the impression that there is a Strike going on somewhere.

How this idea arose I cannot take the responsibility of deciding; but I suppose it is some newspaper rumour full of a confused idea of combining catastrophic copy with the usual flattery of the more unthinking part of society.

Such newspaper sensationalism can never tell a plain story plainly, and then allow us to use our independent intelligences about the rights and wrong of it.

For the chief fact about the Strike is that it does not exist. The most important news about the Strike is that there never was one; at least there never was one in this case and connection.

What there certainly was, and certainly is, is a shortage of Coal; sometimes threatening to be a stoppage of Coal. That is a fact on which nobody needs a newspaper to inform him, and, therefore, nobody allows a newspaper to misinform him.

His own empty coal-cellar or cold kitchen-range is a perfectly clear fact that he knows; but it is about the only clear fact that he is allowed to know. Yet the story of it is simple, and can be stated at the start without any partisan passions; only that people seem to have lost the power of telling a story simply.

How the trouble commenced

Some months ago the businesses from which we all buy coal suddenly locked out their workmen—that is, they declined to sell us coal as usual, because they declined to pay their workmen as usual. They destroyed the existing contract by which we got coal; and tried to make a new contract by which we cannot get coal, because it consists in not paying the workmen their wages, but only part of their wages.

What has happened, therefore, is a definite and decisive action by a combine of coal-owners, an action which, right or wrong, wise or foolish, is obviously their action and nobody else's. That is what has happened and not any mythical "Strike," which is simply a sort of snobbish romance made up as a substitute for reality.

When these employers took the risk of breaking the old bargain for the sake of making a cheaper bargain, it was obvious on the face of it that they might not succeed in making that bargain; because the free citizens with whom they were to make it might not unnaturally regard it as a very bad bargain. The part of it that was particularly reckless was this—that the very worst paid workmen were to be paid worse still.

It is upon that point that the real controversy concentrated. It is all part of the romance to pretend that somebody somewhere is laying down a universal principle that nobody must ever have a smaller salary.

The muddling politicians

There are, for instance, several Cabinet Ministers, very eloquent on this subject, who might well have smaller salaries. The important issue is whether those who receive the lowest wages are to receive a lower wage; and the allegation is that it would not be a living wage.

But, anyhow, the first fact is that it is the coal-owners who have deprived us of coal, by a definite action towards certain other people who would otherwise have gone on providing us with coal. That action may be defended, but it cannot be denied.

Possibly it can be successfully defended; but all talk about "indifference to the public" or "the suffering of the whole nation" must obviously be addressed to the mine-owners before it is addreseesd to the miners.

That is what happened; and since then, it has been confused by various accidents and blunders. Ministers have behaved as politicians do; appealing to a Commission to decide and then running away from its decision; creating a subsidy and then talking as if a subsidy were a submarine monster; putting Mr. Churchill up first to say they could do nothing, and then to say that they must do something, and so on.

The crucial question

There was a General Strike, which was a mistake, but not, in my opinion, an unprovoked one; there were other confusions on the same side. For instance, a Strike must strike at something necessary or valuable. It is quaint that anybody thought we could be *threatened* with the loss of the *Daily Mail*.

But those who like to go on thinking, and prefer a clear head to sensationalism and sentimentalism, will see that the real situation is still the same as at the start.

The question is: Are miners morally bound to go on working, as if under the old contract, while their masters cut down their wages whenever the fancy takes them (or whenever they choose to say the business is not doing well), and is there any prospect for them, under that theory, except an indefinite descent to an infinite degradation?

It is the masters who say that this new principle must be introduced; the miners do not really say anything, except that it should not be introduced. It is the masters who are *doing* something; and the really interesting problem (which deepens and darkens as the days go by) is why the deuce they are really doing it.

There are two things possible, and no third. Either they are telling the truth when they say they cannot afford the ordinary and obvious wage; or they are not telling the truth, but are acting thus for some other reason.

A don't-care policy

I will take the second suggestion first. Given the way that the coal-owners are behaving *now*, it looks more and more as if they did not care, and never had cared, whether we have coal or not. It looks as if their real intention was not only distinct from any special desire to provide coal, but from any immediate desire even to improve the coal business.

They are refusing every reasonable proposal for stopping what they call the Strike, not only when it comes from the strikers, but even when it comes from the Government, even when it comes from the common sense of every sensible man in the governing class. So far the only possible inference would seem to be plain enough. They do not want the Strike to stop. They want the Strike to go on.

They want it to go on until it eventually fails, not through any collective bargain, but through individuals deserting from the workers' army. Then the union will have dissolved, and the only defence of the workmen's wages disappeared.

They will be back in the old days of the contract between the wolf and the lamb: the solitary and starving man and the man holding all the food. Then the solitary man will be forced to accept any wages, however mean and miserable.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton

That is one possible theory about their obtrusive obstinacy; and every day that they remain obstinate makes it look more and more as if it were the only one.

But there is the other one—the view that they do not pay because they cannot; and that they cannot because their business is in a decline, not to say a collapse. It is obviously our duty to accept this hypothesis also; and to see where *that* leads us to.

An inevitable conclusion

I, for one, cannot see what it can possibly lead to except to the conclusion of Nationalisation. These people are very fond of talking about political economy and private enterprise and all the rest; but, according to private enterprise as understood by the political economists, there is not the shadow of a doubt about the deduction to be drawn from such a state of things.

The only way of avoiding the abandonment of the coal business altogether, in such a case, would be to treat it as one of those national necessities which even the old individualists would have admitted to exist, such as the Police or the Post Office.

By no possible economic argument would they have admitted that a business could go on when it could not pay proper wages, by an immoral appeal to certain people to accept improper wages.

If a grocer could not run a grocer's shop because he could not afford to tempt anybody to be a grocer's assistant, why then he must leave off being a grocer, and there is an end of it. No economist would listen to the notion that the grocer's assistant must take less than he should get, in order that the dear little children might get barley-sugar out of the shop.

The only remedy

The inference from *this* conception is that the coal business must be taken over by the public power as a bankrupt business is taken over by the receiver. It must be taken over because it happens to be a public necessity of an abnormal sort.

That is the deduction from the second alternative; and there is no other. For this reason I for one have put my name to what is called The British Charter for the Mines, which demands nationalisation and a living wage for the miners; and whatever be its fate, and however it goes down to history, I am very glad to let it stand there.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER, M.P., President, Board of Trade.

DEAR SIR,—Your estimate that the direct loss up to the present time on output, due to the coal stoppage, is £200,000,000 is probably an under rather than an over estimate. In addition, there is indirect loss that no man can assess, contracts lost and goodwill vanished. There is also the untold suffering of patient thousands which you do not mention, but of which, I do not doubt, you are fully cognisant. In view of all this widespread devastation, the wonder is that Parliament this year took its usual vacation. The situation has in all conscience been serious enough to warrant Ministers sitting day and night at their task in a determined effort to solve it. JOHN BULL.

To Sir ALFRED WOODGATE, C.B.E., Poor Law Commissioner, West Ham.

SIR,—Now that you are the "Board of Guardians" for West Ham you are evidently anxious to justify your salary, but you ought to play the game. It is not fair to harass recipients of relief during the general strike for repayment of the money, or to browbeat young men and women whose parents are "on the rates," unless at the same time you honestly explain that, in the absence of means, they are not legally liable. It is not in your province to supersede the law of the land. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. H. R. L. SHEPPARD, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square.

DEAR "DICK."—It is with sincere regret that I hear your old enemy, asthma, has you again by the throat, and I hope your enforced retirement to a nursing-home will speedily end in recovery. If good wishes and the loving thoughts of the homeless and outcast are effective it will. You have set us an example badly needed in these worldly days, of an unworldly man who really believes in the gospel he preaches and who does all in his power to translate that gospel into practical action. When Bishop Wakefield says that what the Church of England needs is "a thousand Sheppards" I thoroughly agree with him. JOHN BULL.

To Alderman Sir DAVID BURNETT, J.P., Guildhall Police Court.

DEAR SIR,—I like your humanity. When an old man of seventy was brought before you charged with causing an obstruction with a fruit barrow in the street you refused to convict. Instead of fining the old chap a pound you gave him one and told him, with a joke, he must not offend again. The poor can be certain of getting justice with such a magistrate as yourself. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. G. W. THEOBALD, Professor of Midwifery, Royal Society of Medicine.

DEAR SIR,—Your strictures upon British midwifery practice, read in conjunction with the appalling official figures of mortality in childbirth, ought to rouse the women of the nation to effective protest. Your frank confession that British doctors, generally, are unequal to the problems of maternity shows you to be possessed of a sense of public duty. JOHN BULL.

To the SECRETARY, Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

DEAR SIR,—Your medals for gallantry have been well awarded both to Mr. C. J. Skinner of Newhaven and to Messrs. Geoffery Jagger and Arnold Millar of South Shields. In seas almost too rough for frail craft to live these three have saved life. It needs courage and self-sacrifice to risk one's life for strangers in distress. I am proud to know that whenever the call comes Britain has her lads who will answer it. JOHN BULL.

To Colonel CHARLES LINTON, Hemingford Grey, Huntingdonshire.

DEAR SIR,—I have a great respect for old age and that is one reason why I hate to see it making itself ridiculous. The notice you have posted on the church doors, ordering all women who attend to do so in clothing different to the accepted fashion of the age comes under this category. Women's dress to-day is sensible and suited to the strenuous life they live. Take down your notice from the church door and burn it. JOHN BULL.

ON THE RACK!

To the SECRETARY, Westminster Housing Association.

DEAR SIR,—I share your indignation over the proposed use to which the London County Council's two-acre site in Pulford Street is to be put. After being vacant for eighteen years, it is now proposed to build upon it a factory for printing tramcar tickets and repairing punches at a cost to the ratepayers of £51,600. In the present overcrowding tram tickets are to be produced instead of houses. Gilbertian wrong-headedness could hardly go further. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JOHN GREEN, Eden Gardens, Newlyn.

DEAR SIR,—A grand old Cornishman of seventy-two, your forty years of service on the seas has left you with serious heart trouble. But neither your great age nor your infirmity stood in the way when you saw a little boy of six in the sea in danger of drowning. You dived in and restored the little chap alive to his parents. You are a hero if ever there was one. JOHN BULL

To Mr. and Mrs. HOPWOOD, Gorsuch Street, Shoreditch.

DEAR FRIENDS,—When a Salvation Army sister can say of your youngsters, "These three children are the pride of Shoreditch," it shows the testimony is spontaneous and well deserved. To bring up triplets to the age of five, all ready to start off to school on one day, is no mean achievement. May Susan, Connie and Henry go on as well as they have begun and continue to be a credit to their parents. JOHN BULL.

To ALFRED SHERWOOD, Kennington, S.E.

DEAR ALFRED,—When you were well ahead of all the competitors in a swimming race held at Lambeth, with victory within your grasp, you heard a cry of distress from T. French, who was also taking part. Immediately you turned, swam back to the struggling youth, and held him up till a boat arrived. Of course, you were out of the race, but you won something of infinitely greater worth—namely, the admiration of every true sportsman in the land. Such chivalry is as refreshing as it is rare. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Rev. Dr. BEVAN, D.D., Bishop of Swansea and Brecon.

MY LORD BISHOP,—Prosperity has not altered your outlook on life nor lifted you out of touch with your humbler neighbours. You took your holiday at Weymouth in an unpretentious house, surrounded by the fisher lads and boatmen among whom you worked as curate thirty-five years ago. You are a lover of the sea and seafaring men, and you smoked and talked with your old pals and called them by their nicknames. That the fisher-wives kept you supplied with delicacies shows how human friendliness and brotherliness is always reciprocated. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

BISHOP OF BANGOR.—"People are forgetting that a child is a gift from God."

Obviously, or the country, through its Government, would do more to nurture the child-life that it already possesses.

• • •

SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE.—"As long as you have a good varied diet you need not bother your head too much about vitamins."

The trouble is that only a small percentage of the people can get either a good diet or a varied one.

• • •

MR. MELLON (U.S. Secretary).—"I believe the debt settlements are no burden to the debtor nations."

Which proves you know precious little of the facts of either.

Without Fear or Favour—*by the Editor*

A SELF-CONDEMNED SWINDLE

Women and Housing

THE National Council of Women is taking up the housing question in earnest.

On the agenda of its forthcoming conference at the Church House, Westminster, is a resolution "deploring the evil effects of bad housing conditions on the community throughout the Kingdom, and calling for more vigorous action on the part of the Government and of all public authorities to remedy these injurious conditions by accelerating their slum clearance and housing schemes."

What is chiefly welcome, however, is not the actual terms of the resolution, which might easily have been improved upon, but the recognition by the National Council that housing is before all else a woman's question.

However wretched a man's home may be he can generally escape from it during the greater part of his waking hours; to the wife it is a day-long prison-house, and the more active her sense of domestic duty, the more insistent the pressure of its encircling walls.

In the hands of women the vote is still a novelty. Once they have realised their collective political power they will speedily make an end of any Government which treats housing as of less importance than building battle-cruisers.

It is announced that nearly a million pounds are to be spent in refitting the *Renown* for the voyage of the Duke and Duchess of York to Australia. While abating nothing of our loyalty to the Throne, we say deliberately that this lavish expenditure on the royal couple's floating home is a direct incitement to unrest while there are tens of thousands of families housed in Great Britain under conditions not fit for pigs.

The resolution of the National Council is a welcome sign that women are waking up to their responsibilities. No Government dare resist the united voice of the wives and mothers of the land.

The Gold Bugs

THERE will be no tears here because the amazing suggestion of a contest between Dempsey and Tunney at Wembley has apparently come to nothing.

We have trouble enough to pay our heavy debt to the Americans on behalf of debtors who refuse to pay us a penny without sending a shower of gold to enrich two Yankee boxers.

Why were we, struggling with strikes, dislocated industries and crushing taxes, to send this money to the richest nation in the world? To find out which was the better fighter?

Dempsey has already told us: "I was beaten by a better man." The judge agreed. We take Dempsey at his word, without a second-hand battle at first-hand prices to confirm it.

Nowhere are true sportsmanship and the manly art of self-defence more highly esteemed than here. Do we encourage it by helping, in a twice-told tale, to make American sloggers millionaires at thirty?

Dempsey got more for losing a ten-round fight at Philadelphia than either Haig or Beatty got for winning a war in Europe. Why say more?

The Robbers' Confession

THE Industrial Assurance Companies are unwittingly confessing the truth of our charges by the prompt manner in which they return money wrongfully withheld from policyholders whenever "John Bull's" Industrial Assurance Bureau demands it

WHILE the great Insurance Companies maintain a policy of silence in face of our weekly exposures, the work of our Industrial Assurance Bureau goes steadily on.

Since its inception we have recovered for policyholders not less than £4,000. In the great majority of cases a curt demand to the company concerned has been sufficient to restore to the policy-holder money wrongfully withheld from him.

In some cases the money has been repaid as the result of protracted argument, whilst in certain extremely bad cases it has been necessary to take the matter before the Industrial Assurance Commissioner, a course of action which has never failed to produce the desired effect.

While we are not unnaturally proud of what we have been able to achieve on behalf of our readers during the short time we have taken up this matter, we do not delude ourselves by thinking that we have touched more than the fringe of this shameful business.

We are waiting with some eagerness for the reassembling of Parliament, when we shall redouble our efforts to persuade these apathetic representatives of the people that continuous and incisive action on their part is essential to have the whole question submitted to a searching enquiry by a Royal Commission.

Some time ago in the House of Commons it was calmly stated that during the year 1925 the Industrial Assurance Commissioner had only received 2,632 complaints. We do not believe that that answer contained a tenth part of the truth, since in our possession at the moment there must be at least ten times this number of complaints.

THERE is the case of Mrs. Vlimas, of Liverpool, who has paid £117. The policies have lapsed and the company will not give one single penny in return.

Mr. Newcombe, of Exeter, is an old man of eighty years of age, and in 1920 a policy was taken out on his life at a premium of 1s. 6d. a week, and payments continued until a few weeks ago when economic inability to continue caused the policy to lapse. The total paid on this policy was £21, while the face value of the policy was only £15 6s. The company has "generously" offered the sum of £3 12s. payable on the death of this old man!

In 1912 Henry Brumby began to pay premiums of sixpence a week on his own life, the amount assured being £9. In 1917 he paid the full premium of 9d. a week and continued to pay on both policies until 1923, by which time he had paid £28 5s. on a policy valued at only £19. At the age of eighty he can no longer continue. The policies have lapsed, and the company has kept every penny.

FINALLY, we would point to the case of Mr. Ward, of Scunthorpe, who holds nine policies with the same company, on which he has paid premiums from 1920 until May of this year, when through sickness and unemployment he was compelled to discontinue his payments. All his policies were lapsed by the company in July, 1926, and although Mr. Ward has paid £84 in premiums he has not received one penny.

But there is another side to the work of our Industrial Assurance Bureau, and a pleasanter side. There is now coming into our office a stream of letters from readers recounting stories of agents who call and pay them money that they did not expect, and which they would never have obtained had it not been for our intervention.

"I am pleased to be able to inform you," says one letter, "that the whole amount paid by us was refunded on the 27th of this month."

"I threatened to send you the particulars of my case," says another reader, "if the company did not pay me the money due within forty-eight hours. After receiving that intimation a man was sent post-haste. He paid me the money."

These are only two instances out of hundreds. These letters in themselves form the most damning indictment of the companies that could possibly be framed.

G. Stuart-Ronaldson, K.C., Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies and Industrial Assurance Commissioner. Established to remedy the grievances of policy-holders, his office is largely a dead letter because of its sheer inability to cope with the flood of complaints

Crippling the Crook

WE welcome wholeheartedly the Bill now being promoted by the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers. This much-needed measure aims to put an end to those mock auctions such as have been constantly denounced in these pages.

Its clauses make it obligatory for every auctioneer to be licensed. Moreover, the applicant for such licence must obtain a certificate, signed by a justice of the peace, declaring that he is a fit and proper person to hold it.

Mock auctions are clearly defined as a colourable imitation of a real auction where the goods are knowingly misdescribed by the auctioneer.

The public is further safeguarded by definite penalties to be enforced unless the goods offered are in origin, quality and quantity as stated by the vendor.

The reprehensible practice of "bidding in" on the part of the vendor is made illegal. At present there is no law to prevent confederates from standing in the crowd and inflating the price of goods by a series of false bids. The new Bill makes it illegal for anyone connected with the auctioneer or his firm to take part in the bidding at all.

These simple but effective safeguards are in general use throughout the British Dominions. We in this country have most astonishingly neglected them. The consequence has been that crooks and rogues have flourished and the public has been robbed.

We ourselves have waged a steady campaign against this barefaced fleecing of the poor. For years the mock auction has been a veritable Tom Tiddler's ground for picking up money by any unscrupulous person who cared to run one and take the risk.

We congratulate the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers on its public-spirited action, and urge all possible support for the Bill they are promoting. It is badly needed.

The Phantom Foe

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

TO set up a man of straw in order to knock him down again may be an exhilarating game, but it carries no conviction to the spectator. No wonder the Socialist is still largely a "voice crying in the wilderness"!

The Rt. Hon. Viscount Cave, G.C.M.G., Lord Chancellor

I THINK my greatest complaint against the Socialist is that he has a perfectly good case and does not know it. It is even, I think, worse than that. Not only does he not realise what a good case he has, but he seems quite incapable of putting what he imagines to be his case in such a form as to make any impression on anyone with an ounce of brains.

The trouble with the Socialist is that he is completely obsessed by a bogey of his own creation that he persists in calling the capitalist "system."

He pictures to himself and to his audience a carefully organised system of society built up deliberately, with a deliberate purpose running through it—namely, the subjection and enslavement of the working man—operated by a group of hard-faced cynical, cruel men, who spend their time thinking out plans of concerted action whereby the enslavement of the working man may be rendered more complete and the grip of the "system" continually tightened round his miserable neck.

Dissecting the bogey

Having created this bogey it is, of course, the simplest thing in the world to knock it down, and by dissecting this perfectly imaginary corpse display the equally imaginary component parts to a wondering world. But the result carries no conviction in face of the easily ascertainable facts by which we are continually confronted.

I have never been able to discover any evidence of a "system," for a "system" implies a carefully thought out plan, complete in every detail directed by a ruling mind towards a definite end.

What I do see is a mode of life and a certain organisation of society that has grown up bit by bit throughout the centuries often in spite of, rather than because of, the big man at the top of industry and the little man at the top of politics, and which has stood the test of time for the sole reason that, taking it on the whole, it provides the British citizen with reasonable liberty and reasonable access to the necessities of life.

The Socialists' great blunder

It protects his life and his property; it brings food and drink to his door; sees to his sanitary services; cleans his streets and lights his cities; conveys his letters to the far corners of the kingdom with no more trouble to himself than the placing on the envelope of a 1½d. stamp, and does innumerable things which have become so much a part and parcel of his ordinary daily life that he never gives them a thought.

And on top of all this it allows him, within the very broadest of limits, to go where he will and do exactly what he likes.

Now, if this is a fair description in broad outline of what the Socialist calls the capitalist "system"—and I think it is—it is rather worse than useless for him to inveigh against it on the ground that it does not work, because it so patently does work and works fairly efficiently.

If, however, the Socialist would come to me and say that in certain respects this method of organising life and industry does not work as smoothly as it might, that in certain directions it presses too hardly on one section of the community and in other directions gives certain sections of the community undue rewards which they have not earned, I should not hesitate to agree with him.

So long as he combines a pointing out of the defective places in the machinery of our organisation with concrete suggestions for remedying the defects, neither I nor any other sane man would, therefore, call him "Bolshevik" or refuse to discuss the matter reasonably with him.

Where the Socialist makes his greatest blunder is in saying, in effect, "I will not consider any suggestion for oiling the works. My case is that it is a rotten machine in principle and I must have a completely new machine."

The needed lubricant

That is why his arguments meet with but scant respect, since it is so extremely obvious that without risking the experiment of replacing the entire machine, such a lot could be done to improve its working if only there was a little common-sense and co-operation displayed all round.

Viscount Cave, the Lord Chancellor, stated the other day in the House of Lords: "I have long thought that work in essential industries dealing with the supply of fuel or food, or with the public services, ought to be subject to special conditions under which it would not be lawful for people to promote a strike until there had first been an opportunity for the dispute being considered and settled by some impartial body."

Now I submit that Viscount Cave has stated the Socialists' case much better than the Socialists themselves have ever stated it, because although he has only touched the fringe of the subject he has said, in effect, that there are certain industries and certain services of such importance to the smooth running of the nation's life that they cannot be left to the tender mercies of private individuals.

No one, I think, would willingly consent to the Army and the Navy, the roads and the supply of water returning to private ownership, as was the unquestioned custom in this country at one time, and not so very long ago either. Nor would anybody consider for a moment the suggestion that the Post Office should return to private hands.

A one-sided bargain

And it is gradually dawning on the consciousness of the country, as evidenced by the remarks of Viscount Cave, that there are other essential services that deserve to be examined on their merits to see whether or not the country can afford *not* to take them over.

But there does not appear to be any disposition on the part of the Socialist to face his own responsibility in such discussions. He does not appreciate the fact that when, at the end of his week's work, he receives, say, £5 that is because his employer has struck a definite bargain with him that he will get forty-eight hours work from him at the price of £5. He does not see anything wrong in making that bargain and then giving in return for that £5 only forty hours work.

The case of the Socialist is that the rapidly changing conditions of industry and society continually necessitate readjustment of thought, and it may be readjustment of method. His fallacy is that he insists that such a readjustment shall be entirely one-sided and that he himself shall have no responsibilities in the matter.

And there is one small matter that never appears to penetrate his intelligence. The ballot-box is always at his disposal. If he has not yet succeeded in overthrowing the "capitalist system" it is because his fellow-citizens have not yet achieved a belief in his arguments nor a confidence in his ability to put his theories into practice.

The Su

Treatment of prisoners should not be inhuman. Our present methods are archaic and cruel

DURING the last few years, there has been a laudable interest shown in the welfare of prisoners, and much good work has been accomplished by volunteers who have arranged concerts and conducted classes of various kinds in prisons.

Mr. F. Bradley

There are, however, more urgent needs in our prisons to-day.

The well-meaning but deluded people who a century ago devised the inhuman cell system, little realised what torture they would inflict upon the inhabitants of the tomb-like vaults they built. Behind the idea of the separate cell was the notion that it was good for the offender against the law to have time to dwell upon his sins. The prevailing idea of religion was chiefly responsible for this mischievous assumption, which has driven numbers of its victims to madness, many to suicide, and many to a condition of chronic melancholia.

It has not dawned on these philanthropists that prisoners left alone in their cells for hours upon hours would spend more time dwelling upon the sins of the people who put them there than in counting up their own misdeeds.

UNDER the system of solitary confinement, it cannot be wondered at that most prisoners returned to normal life less able to fight its battle than they were before they were locked up.

The most urgent need in our prisons is the abolition of cells, except for use as bedrooms. The Prison Commissioners are aware of this, but most of our jails are built upon the cell plan, and their rebuilding could only be carried out at enormous expense.

But assuming that rebuilding is for the present out of the question, much could be still done even with the unsuitable bastilles at our disposal.

And this suggests the second reform, which is long overdue. There is urgent need for the introduction into the prison *regime* of a healthy day's work of manual labour, and this should be carried

This Family Business!

by A. G. GARDINER

HAS Britain had its day? Must "Ichabod" be written on its portals? Signs and portents are to be discerned which point that way. But Britain's glory need not pass if the Government recognises that a new order is in being. Will it do it?

LET us leave our fireside subjects this week and take a cruise over the world. It is a suitable moment, for the Imperial Conference is with us and great issues are afoot. All the world is in the melting-pot to-day and the British Empire is as fluid as the rest. It is running into a new world and seething with new ideas and new motives.

Whether we like it or not, the old idea of Imperialism is as dead as mutton. It had been fighting a losing battle for a hundred years, and the war gave it the final knock-out blow.

It was a comfortable idea. By luck, an adventurous spirit, bold seamanship and natural riches, we had taken the pick of the vacant lots of the earth, and we sat here in our right little, tight little island, with our trident in hand, administering the lands we had occupied, as Imperial Rome once administered this island and Gaul and Spain and Asia Minor.

It was natural that we should get a little swelled head. Here was a tiny island, set in the Atlantic, so small that you can hardly see it on the map, holding sway over vast territories that bordered on the North Pole and the South Pole, girdled the Equator and starred with islands the utmost seas.

It was an intoxicating position, and we should have been more than human if it had not gone to our head and given us the impression that we were a sort of Chosen People, intended by Providence to manage the earth.

Coming to years of discretion

What more natural and proper than that the children we had sent abroad to people the vacant lots should be nice, obedient children, looking to us for protection and accepting our word as law.

But it is not the way of children even in domestic life to remain children. When they grow up they go their own way and assert their independence.

And so with our colonies. They grew up, they grew great, they demanded freedom. We tried to stop the movement and the American colonies gave us our first lesson and went their own way.

After that we were wiser and the history of the last hundred years has been the history of the decay of the Imperial idea and the development of an association of free States, each independent within its own borders and lightly held together by a common crown and a common tradition.

When the war came the wisdom of this gospel of freedom was proved. The federation of the British Commonwealth held, and it was that fact as much as any that decided the issue of the war.

Some puzzling questions

But the strain was great. It left many new problems and raised many new doubts and discontents. Was internal independence alone enough for these great overseas dominions? Could foreign policy, which involved their destinies, be left outside their control? Must they dance to any tune that London set, and back every Bill that London drew?

Suppose, for example, that Britain and the United States went to war (happily an unthinkable folly). Could Canada, which had no control of the diplomacy that ended in war, be expected as a matter of course to take up arms on our side?

She might think that we were wrong. She might think that her interests were best served by standing aside. Clearly in such a vital case she must have control of her own fate.

Considerations such as these have profoundly changed the currents of thought in the Empire. Canada's attachment to the British Commonwealth is not in doubt, but it is clearly reaching out to an independence not only in domestic affairs but in foreign affairs.

She is no longer content to be represented at Washington by the British Ambassador. She is sending an Ambassador of her own. She wants direct intercourse with the British Government and is not in the mood to talk through a Governor-General sent from England.

South Africa, where the Nationalists are in power, is no less disposed to stand on her dignity and even contemplates the substitution of a South African flag for the Union Jack. Ireland which has achieved dominion status and is a little giddy with the new wine, is equally in the mood to play the part of an entirely independent State.

The Rt. Hon. William Lyon MacKenzie King, C.M.G., the new Canadian Premier

Australia and New Zealand are less disturbed. Their dependence upon the British Navy is the key to their position and while we alone pay for the Navy and for such vast undertakings as the Singapore base they have clearly the best of it.

A natural anxiety

We have seen this tendency to separate and independent action in the refusal of the Dominions to be bound by the Locarno Treaty. They have seen what war in Europe means and they are not unnaturally anxious to keep their hands free in the event of another catastrophe.

Not the least of the problems that perplex the future is the relation of the Dominions to the League of Nations, of which they are members, but on the Council of which they have no representation apart from that of England.

It is facts like these which are reshaping the structure and spirit of the British Commonwealth. I do not think that they threaten the permanence of that great institution. If they did the loss to the world would be great.

I am not one of those who would exaggerate its greatness, for even if the Commonwealth dissolved, the work it had achieved in spreading the English speech, the English tradition and the English love of free institutions over the face of the globe would remain. The earth would still be largely what Britain had made it.

But the British Commonwealth has still work to do, and it is the business of the Imperial Conference to discover the new terms on which the organism can exist and function.

The paradox of the British Commonwealth is that it can only cohere by being incoherent. It will hang together while its members are free. To attempt to tie them to each other by legal bonds would dissolve the whole structure.

What Britain can do

We live together as a system of free peoples, sprung from one root, speaking one language, recognising one sovereignty, but at liberty to go our separate ways if we choose.

Within the limits of that necessity there is abundant room for common effort and mutual helpfulness. We can meet and discuss, as we are doing this week, as members of one family. We can clear the channels of trade and improve the Imperial lines of communication.

Above all, we can keep the air sweet and clean, the temperature warm, the atmosphere friendly. If the spirit is right, we need not fear that anything will go wrong with the works.

cide Box

by F. BRADLEY

out in association. If it were possible to do it in the open air, so much the better.

Most prisons are surrounded by fairly extensive grounds. A little of this space could be utilised for the erection of well-ventilated workshops, which could be quite simply constructed.

At present young men are confined for fairly long periods, during which they do no work that is of any material benefit to the community, whilst they themselves are bound to deteriorate.

THIS is not only bad for the prisoner: it is unjust to the taxpayer, who rightly thinks the prisoner ought to earn his living, whatever else he may do.

It is claimed that there are two reasons for compulsorily isolating a man from his fellows.

The first is that he is a danger to society. In that case it is likely that prison is the wrong place for him. A mental home would often meet the needs of such a case more adequately.

The other reason is that the man needs reformatory treatment. In Wakefield Prison we already have a splendid example of what can be done in this way, and an extension of the method could only be productive of the best results.

It is absurd that men should be sentenced to hard labour and should then be set to a task that would not tax the energies of a feeble invalid.

The first difficulty that comes to mind is that there would be danger of complaints of unfair competition if goods were sent on to the market that had not been produced by labour paid at the current rate.

Perhaps this could be overcome by a system of payment placed to the prisoners' credit, or it might be that only Government work should be done. Then it might be necessary to have special training for warders in the new methods, but that would not be a difficult task.

HERE is a job that our Home Office might set about now. A beginning has been made, but the reforms are being carried out too slowly. Experience has shown, especially in America, that where prisoners are treated as human beings, they are less likely to return after their release.

There is too much solitude and too little healthy work in prison. Both these defects can be remedied to a considerable extent and without much expense, if there is the will to make the period of confinement an opportunity for reform, instead of merely for vindictive punishment.

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BLIND FUNDS: Gigantic Leakage

THE GREAT COST OF CHARITY

How Public Contributions are Spent

WHAT are the funds of the charitable institutions for the blind and how are they expended?

We ask this question because there is ample evidence that the blind have legitimate grievances, and although various wealthy charities have been operating for many years, it is only eighteen months since the Metropolitan and Adjacent Counties Association admitted that nearly 25 per cent. of the blind who were living alone in London were in circumstances of real poverty.

The average rent paid by these poor blind people for a single room is from 3s. to 4s. per week, and many of them have only 10s. or 12s. per week left for food and other expenses.

In the year ended March, 1923, thirty-two London blind charities had an income of £571,743, the collection of which cost £242,377, and £352,578 went to the blind in the form of "assistance."

At the same time, a certain percentage of expenses went to blind collectors.

A big chunk off

The National Institute for the Blind, in the year ended March, 1924, collected by flag days £15,321 13s. 1d. When asked to explain the costs of collection, it replied that it would be "difficult and expensive" to ascertain.

The First Blind Ballot, organised for the institute, produced £87,461 16s. 6d., but after all expenses, prizes and commissions were paid, the institute only derived £23,190 9s. 6d.

The second ballot was an even greater failure, for it resulted in a net profit of less than 11 per cent. of the proceeds. In other words, the institute received only about 3½d. for each 2s. 6d. ticket sold.

The Greater London Fund for the Blind is administered by the National Institute. Up to March, 1925, it had collected £181,722 16s. 8d. After all expenses of collection were paid, the net income was £91,894 9s. 10d., and this was distributed among twenty-two institutions.

The total expenses were thus £89,828 6s. 10d., of which only £53,413 8s. 5d. went in salaries and expenses to blind collectors and their guides.

Those overhead charges!

The distributions included £42,000 to the National Institute which administers the fund, and it is easy to see that a big proportion of the net income must in turn have gone in the overhead expenses of the institutions to which the money went.

The Braille and "Servers of the Blind" League, in the year ended 1924, had a total income of £5,373 19s. 5d.

Its administrative expenses were £1,365 2s. 1d., collection expenses £1,189 14s. 7d., and in direct assistance of the blind it distributed only £484 19s. 4d. The administrative expenses were 40.5 per cent. of the total expenditure.

If such expensive funds as those described were scrapped in favour of the rating method, permissible under the Blind Persons Act, it would be possible to collect £100,000 at a cost of only £2,500.

Unequal competition

Not the least regrettable aspect of the administration of charitable funds is the fact that totally blind persons who require materials for work at home are unable to obtain them at prices which would enable them to compete with goods sold in shops and through the usual trade channels.

Captain Ian Fraser, the blind M.P., Chairman of St. Dunstan's, which we do not criticise here

The authorities are alarmed at the increase in the number of what they term "unemployable" blind. They say the numbers have increased from 42.2 per cent. in 1919 to 64.7 in 1923.

As the number of blind persons in and around London is now about 7,000 it is reasonable to assume that 3,000 of them are employable.

Standard wage wanted

Yet, in March this year, there were only 832 employed in the various workshops which are all crowded,

The Incorporated Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind has urged that the large sums of money subscribed to the blind should be used to set up institutions or hostels to take care of those who cannot be employed in the workshops.

The suggestion is excellent, but when will the authorities get on with it? In the meantime, the unfortunate men who are refused employment are left to beg in the streets.

In July last, there were 386 blind children in the L.C.C. schools. These children will all require to be accommodated in workshops in later years, but with the present slow rate of extension, it is unlikely that there will be much room for the older men.

There is not an institution or workshop in the country that will admit for training anyone at the age of forty-two, is what the principal of one college told a blind man.

Under the piece-work system, a blind person may earn anything from 10s. to 15s. per week, and this sum is augmented by a grant of 15s., bringing the total up to 25s. to 30s.

The workers are striving to get a standard wage of £2 10s. per week, but the authorities urge that payment by results absolves them from dismissing a blind man if his work is unsatisfactory.

A dread outlook

There is no reason why any blind man or woman should have to depend on poor law relief, yet relieving officers know well that many of the hardest cases they are called upon to help are among blind folk.

The L.C.C. authorised for one year as an experiment a grant of £3,000 which would enable the incomes of 1,600 lonely blind people in London to be made up £1 per week. This grant is being administered by the Metropolitan and Counties' Association.

Many blind men and women whose incomes now are made up of the Blind Pension and the National Health Insurance and total 17s. 6d., look forward with dread to the day when they will reach the age of seventy, for then they may have only the old-age pension.

It is a crying scandal that with all the funds that have been raised for the blind, there is no adequate provision for those intended to benefit.

When challenged about its administrative and collection expenses in 1923, the Incorporated Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind would only admit that they compared favourably with other blind societies.

It promised to remedy the weakness, but the next year's accounts showed a mysterious item—"Pensions Account, £1,249 12s. 6d." This, on investigation proved to comprise mainly a pension of £1,000 per year to a retired manager!

A sad admission

The welfare of the blind is a matter which should be looked after solely by the Government.

The present system of control of charitable funds by mere registration is totally inadequate. The authorities admit that it does not deter any unscrupulous person from battening on the public sympathy for the blind, and the misuse of charitable funds is rarely discovered until long after the offence has been committed.

We look to the Minister of Health to formulate further and more adequate legislation for the blind

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URACE TABLETS

OUR contributor, recently returned from an American tour, is now about to make a pilgrimage through Britain in the cause of peace. If hell is not again to break loose on earth, every man and woman must make peace a positive crusade

THE SPIDER OF FEAR

by The Rev. F. W. NORWOOD, D.D. *(Minister of the City Temple)*

FOR a long time there has been no method of averting war but by resort to diplomacy. This might easily have been effective if to maintain peace had always been the one and only objective of diplomacy.

There could be no better way than that a few specially trained, experienced men should confer in secrecy away from the glare and the conflicting shadows of publicity, and free from the danger of garbled Press reports and popular rumour.

The fatal flaw, however, in this method is that peace has by no means been the consistent aim of diplomacy. Only too often has war been deliberately sought. The possibility of it being waged has been the chief factor in securing results.

Even when each party has been innocent of such an intention, neither has felt sure about the other.

The hands under the table

Diplomacy has been an intricate game played as men play chess. the screening of motives being the highest proof of skill.

Neither was the game played entirely within the conference chamber or by means of official correspondence. Mysterious groupings of armies and navies, secret alliances, strategic railways, the arrangement of coincidences and the whole hinterland of shadowy possibilities made the point of contact the spot upon which a smoke-screen rested.

Diplomats knew that their official proceedings might be farcical or perhaps tragical. They looked each other in the face, or spoke to one another with their tongues, but their faces were but masks and their words a camouflage.

Secretly they were hearkening to their spies, while the hands under the table were manipulating hidden strings.

Out of this horrid tangle of duplicity arose the myth that affairs of State are too intricate for the lay mind to understand. The people accepted as experts the jugglers who were in most cases only being juggled with.

When war came they easily supposed that mysterious forces beyond their ken had made it inevitable, and gave their bodies and their souls for the support of the tottering fabric.

The entrancing pipes

In times of victory they decorated with titles or loaded with emoluments those who had either pushed them over the precipice or failed to warn them it was there.

In one kind of honesty the diplomats have never lost confidence—the bovine honesty of ordinary people who never have scrupled to risk life and limb for their country. In hours of crisis the noblest possible catchwords have always been as effective as the pipes of the Pied Piper to send men like children marching after the music into the wilderness, taking their chance of return.

Never yet have the diplomats said to the people, "We have been matching our wits without scruple against other unscrupulous wits, and have been checkmated. Come you and help us out. Make it possible for us to play again with gamblers' dice."

Playing on guilelessness

They have prated of honour and justice and liberty, and the people in whose humble lives these things had great place, have danced to the tune that was set for them.

There seemed no logical end to the process. Had the people discrowned

The Rev. F. W. Norwood, D.D.

their fallacious guides, and draped their soldiers with crape, the system might have been discredited. But in their guilelessness they supposed that their own valour which saved the wreckage vindicated the wreckers.

The vicious circle

They confused the reverence due to their own heroic dead with the idea that the halo aureoled also the rotten system which slew them. Thus we have had a vicious circle; valour coming to the rescue of trickery and reinstating the trickery.

One would have thought that the last Great War would have utterly annihilated the system. All that it did was to silence for a time its advocates. Even they hid their heads while the people fumbled for a better way.

By subtle innuendo and an occasional dexterous twist they discredited the League of Nations, the idea of which was conceived in agony in the hearts of honest men. By delay they gave time for resentment to die down again.

The people have a living to make, and would fain snatch such pleasures as are within their reach. They rather assume that what takes so long to establish must be difficult if not impossible, and are scarce capable of sustained moral effort.

For the first two or three years after the war, had anyone spoken of the next war the people would have rent him. But, mistaking quiescence for acquiescence, the advocates of war now lift up their heads.

They are busy with their plans for the next war. Marshal Foch dates it twenty years from now, and paints a picture of it which makes one wish that the ancients were right when they supposed that some comet might touch the earth and smite it into nothingness.

Better one swift blow of an impersonal catastrophe than that man against man should make the jungle by comparison seem like paradise.

Leading down to hell

These gentlemen ask again the suffrages of humanity that they may lead them down to a hell yet deeper than the last.

I restrain my pen. One should not hate those who are diseased in mind. But they should not be left in places of responsibility. They have given sufficient proof of their leadership to make their goal apparent.

There remaineth still a "remnant"—a few high-souled, patient, striving men, diplomats too, who are working towards peace. Let all honest men and women whose hearts have been seared with flame, and whose eyes ache, but see clearly, get behind them. Let us march!

There is a healthier public opinion, slow-moving because chilled by disappointment, which if it pulse again freely like the sap of a new springtime will cause these withered leaves to fall from off the tree of life.

There are some who are the parents of the valiant dead, weary with wondering for what they died; others were their comrades and are sore at heart because they march with them no more.

To tolerate the mere possibility of endless cycles of yet more deadly war is to consent to the withering of every human virtue.

At last we have machinery for the checking and even elimination of war. We have the League of Nations, we have the International Court. They function slowly because the official minds in all the nations are but half persuaded of their effectiveness.

The one clear policy

And there are other minds which do not want them to be effective. But they are established and grow in power. They have become an integral part of world policies. The danger is that the new forms should be used in the old spirit.

There is but one clear policy before the decent ordinary minds of the people, who carry the burden and pay the price.

It is to make their opinion articulate and effective, so that diplomacy shall point decisively towards the new objective—the substitution of arbitration for the blind arbitrament of war.

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Wincarnis will build up your nerves as surely as it will invigorate your body. Wincarnis contains the health-giving virtues of the juice of grapes—the energy of beef—the tonic properties of malt, scientifically blended to do you good.

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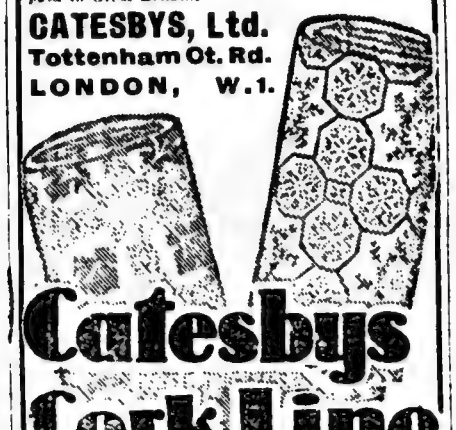

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In Sunshine Ward

by PHILIP INMAN

HER PARROT PAL

IT is not only on human beings that we rely for consolation in sickness. They do their part nobly and with great self-sacrifice. There are other members of creation, however, that do their part towards bringing sunshine through the shadow

I FIRST saw Mrs. Westoby as she was passing through the hospital door. She was a tiny, frail little woman with sunken cheeks and a frightened look in her eyes.

"Can you tell me where the Albert Ward is?" she asked, and the tone of her voice betrayed her fears.

"You are to have an operation?" I enquired kindly. "Yes," she answered, "and I dread the thought of it."

Just at that moment an elderly woman passed by. I recognised in her a patient who after undergoing a serious operation was returning home quite well again. I beckoned to her.

"You're feeling quite all right now?" I asked. "Never better in my life," she replied cheerfully. "I dreaded the thought of coming in here, but now I just hate leaving."

It was the very word I wanted her to say, and I was thankful that Mrs. Westoby was there to hear it. I saw the alarm vanish from her eyes, and the new patient went on her way to her ward with a lighter heart.

A strange request

Two days later I was passing through the Albert Ward, and when I reached Mrs. Westoby's bed I stopped to have a word with her.

I knew that she was to be operated upon that afternoon, and I asked if her relatives had been told.

She gave a deep sigh, and then very quietly she said, "I've only one boy, and he doesn't know about it. I haven't told him, 'cos I didn't want him to be scared. Anyway," she added, "he's in Durham, so he couldn't get here in time now."

"But surely you have some other friends you would like to visit you?" She smiled—a sad smile. "Only one," she replied, "and he couldn't come here." Then after a pause she went on, "You see, it's a bird, a parrot."

Then a wonderful wistfulness came into her voice. "It's been my only companion for these many years, and I'd like just to see it once more in case I don't get over the operation."

I know just how that woman felt about things. I have a dog, a faithful dog, and if I were lying on the brink of the unknown I would rather see him than many people I know.

I didn't say anything to her, but I glanced at the address written alongside

Philip Inman.

her name on the chart over her bed. That afternoon I motored to Islington, and I soon found the house where Mrs. Westoby had a room.

A hard, unsympathetic woman asked me my business and when I told her the nature of my errand, she pointed to Mrs. Westoby's apartment and told me to "be sure and see the door closed when I went out."

A touching letter

Not a word of greeting did she send to that one who lived under the same roof and who at that moment was travelling on the borderland of life and death.

I realised then what that poor patient meant when she said she had only one friend, and that one a bird.

I went in the room and saw the cage and its occupant. I was just carrying it away when my eye caught sight of a sheet of paper on the mantelpiece. Someone with a very shaky hand had written these words:

"I don't expect I shall come out of the hospital, and if I don't I would like my Bill to be told. He lives at . . . . I would like him to have my few things and hope he'll give Poll a good home for my sake."

As I looked closely at that writing I saw that the ink had run, and I am pretty sure that Mrs. Westoby's tears flowed freely as she penned those lines.

A double sunrise

It was nearly nine o'clock that night when the patient in No. 17, Albert Ward showed signs of recovering consciousness after her operation. Slowly she opened her eyes and stared around her in wonderment and surprise.

Then she fixed her gaze upon the bird-cage which had been placed near her bed. "You know who it is?" I asked, and a smile lit up her face. "It's Poll," she said. "Poll——"

Then she fell asleep again—this time a natural sleep, a sleep that would do her more good than rivers of medicine.

When Mrs. Westoby opened her eyes again there was another surprise waiting for her. Her boy had arrived and was sitting by her side. At first she looked at him as though she wasn't quite sure of herself.

"It's Bill, isn't it?" And then she put out her hand and touched him. "I thought I was dreaming," she said. "Yes, I'm here," he told her. "And I've not seen you for such a long time, mother," he said. "I ought to have written, I know."

A world of tenderness crept into that woman's eyes. "Yes, it's been a bit lonesome," she whispered. "But you'll forgive me, mother?" he asked her. "Forgive you," and she smiled. "Why, there's nothing to forgive."

On the face of Mrs. Westoby was written a wonderful contentment. By her side were her most precious possessions—her parrot and her boy.

The Sentence of the Court

TAX-FREE YANKEE BOODLE

Chipping the Chancellor

WHAT might have been mistaken for the latest thing in "gent's headwear," but was, in fact, a replica of the old-fashioned belltopper favoured by the symbolical figure of Uncle Sam, decorated with the stars-and-stripes, was worn by Mr. Winston Churchill when he pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of neglect of booty.

"Members of the jury," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "are probably only too painfully familiar with the tune, 'I Want To Be Happy,' and that mournful ditty in which an affectionate gentleman proclaims his love for one Rose Marie; but what they may not know is that the Yankee perpetrators of these masterpieces have collected more than £100,000 in royalties from the London productions of their plays, but have not paid a penny in British income-tax.

"This fact becomes even more staggering when it is known that a British author who sells even a short story in America receives his cheque with American income-tax deducted.

"English actors who visit America cannot board an outgoing boat until they have paid income-tax. British dramatists whose plays are produced in America pay income-tax on both sides of the Atlantic.

"Why, then, should foreigners draw enormous sums in British royalties and escape tax-free?"

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter urged that art knew no boundaries. We should encourage foreign authors and composers, otherwise we might be denied the opportunity of seeing and hearing many uplifting works and be thrown back on our own insular products. In any case, the sum at stake was scarcely worth the trouble of collecting.

* * *

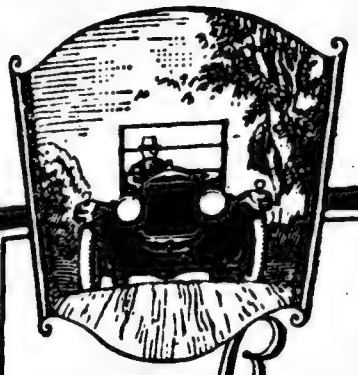
"I am getting rather tired," said Mr. Justice Bull, "of the excuse that various revenue leakages are not worth the labour of a little political plumbing. Apparently Mr. Churchill finds it easier to raid the Road Fund than to prepare plans for circumventing the knavish tricks of wealthy British tax-dodgers living abroad.

"He is prepared to go to immense trouble to diddle a civilian war victim for a few hundred pounds, but his energy is not equal to ensuring the collection of income-tax on the thousands of pounds taken out of this country every year by the authors of foreign plays, the alleged artistic value of which amounts to no more than that of Mr. Churchill's own water-colours.

"Apart from the loss of revenue involved, one cannot ignore the painful psychological effect that this policy of preference for foreigners must have upon British taxpayers, who have to find £30,000,000 yearly toward liquidating our debt to 'Uncle' Sam.

"The British author, who has to pay a fifth of his earnings in income-tax, may well regret that he was not born a Rooshan, a Turk, or else a Ploosham. Apparently the only course now open to him is to become a naturalised citizen of Massachusetts or Oshkosh (Wis.).

"The sentence of the Court is that the prisoner shall appear at Drury Lane for the next three months in the Totem-bone tomfoolery dance (a procedure for which his talents as a political contortionist render him peculiarly fitted) and pay double income-tax on whatever stipend he may earn by his cavortings."



Repetition work and the worker

Repetition work is popularly supposed to be dull, hateful to the worker. In the Ford factory they once tried an experiment. It was decided that each man should change his job every three months. But, to the surprise of all, the order was generally resented! To-day, in the Manchester plant, it is the rule that any man who wishes may apply for a change of work, and every effort is made to accommodate him. The truth is that man finds no inconsiderable pleasure in exercise of the skill he has developed, even though it be limited to a single operation.

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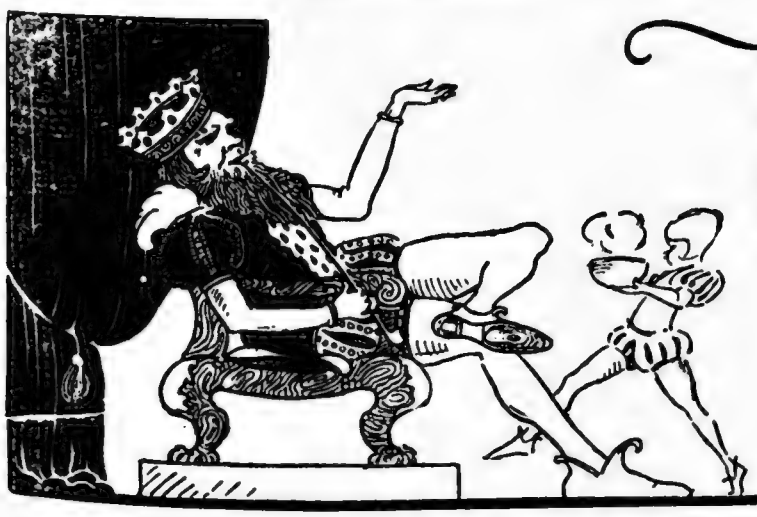

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Words Winged to Women

DRIFTING through the police-courts of our great metropolis goes the unending pageant of human life in all its phases. Are the scales of justice evenly balanced, or are they weighted on the side of the law against the individual?

"YES, SIR"; "NO, SIR"

by MABEL HORNER

THE atmosphere of the famous police court at Bow Street is as quiet and austere as that of a monkish library. Large bookcases flanking each side of the throne-like chair of the magistrate, the door behind him, the emblazoned coat-of-arms, with its motto, "God and my Right," increase the illusion.

Nor is it dispelled by the soft-footed tread of attendant officers and the calm of the unhurried proceedings. There are few women in the lengthy charge-sheet, but those few are symptomatic of sorrowful things in our social arrangements.

The first is charged with being drunk and disorderly. Does she admit the fact of being drunk? "Yes, sir." A pause while the magistrate looks at her searchingly. Does she wish to say anything, or ask any question? "No, sir."

The human touch

The answers come in a low voice as the girl stands there with drooping head. The magistrate is clearly puzzled. This is obviously a first offence. The girl is twenty-four. As she stands there in her neat coat-frock, her dark bobbed hair and hatless, she looks but eighteen.

She is told to retire and she will be recalled later to hear the magistrate's decision. There is a sense of human kindliness in this that I like. Quite obviously the police-court missionary is to be called in.

The missionary, a motherly-looking woman, goes up to the magistrate's desk, and there is a consultation in low tones which do not carry beyond those immediately concerned. Thi semi-privacy of decision may work in the interests of the accused. Possibly in the case of a young girl offender it does, since it shields her from unnecessary publicity.

Two other women, one very young, are called in quick succession. Officers testify that they were observed to "annoy" various men in the street.

A dreary procession

The first, a poor little half-starved shrimp of a girl, is asked if the testimony against her is true. "Yes, sir." Has she any remarks to offer? "No, sir." She is dismissed with a small fine.

The other one is more voluble and tries to defend herself. She is heard with patience, but the case is ended with another fine. This woman is "known to the police."

The fourth woman, quite young, comes in company with her husband, and both are charged with being drunk and brawling. They are fined.

Then comes the endless, dreary procession of "drunks and disorderlies." An astonishing number are mere youths.

"Were you drunk?" probes the magistrate. "Yes, sir." "Have you anything to say?" he asks. "No, sir."

Automatically the cases come and go with varying fines to fit the circumstances.

The most down-and-out is given a patient hearing. One man, choosing the longest possible words with carefully rehearsed effect, obtains a remand in order to bring witnesses in his own defence. Another is given a complete discharge. "I think there is an element of doubt in the case," says the magistrate quietly.

There is a good deal of quietness, an occasional pause such as might come over a Quaker meeting, as the magistrate sits back and regards his younger prisoners with a puzzled gravity.

Sir Chartres Biron, chief magistrate at Bow Street

"One moment!" he says sharply, as two respectable looking youths, with neat clothes and varnished heads, start to leave the dock. "Let this be a warning to you. *Leave the drink alone in future.*"

Prohibition may or may not be a good thing. But this conclusion is forced upon the perfectly impartial observer: if young men and women did "leave the drink alone" very few would make acquaintance with the cells at Bow Street or any other police station.

The accusing finger

Whose fault is it that these young people turn to drink for recreation? Does the fault lie in our social arrangements?

Or could they turn and point the finger of accusation at their parents and say, "You set me the example"? These are questions for every woman, and they cry aloud for answer.

A Re-discovered Cure

by DR. C. W. SALEEBY, M.D., F.R.S.E.

MANY of us remember the use of iodine in the war, as a first-aid antiseptic dressing for wounds, and others of us use it as such in our homes for our children's scratches and cuts.

Dr. C. W. Saleeby

A wonderful new use has lately been discovered for this cheap and long-familiar substance, and I have just returned from further enquiry into it in Switzerland, which has taken a lead, along with the United States, in this respect.

Iodine is not merely an antiseptic; it is a necessary and vital constituent of our food. But, for many reasons which would need a long article of themselves, we do not get enough of it in our food.

Perhaps this is largely part of the general question of the stale, unnatural, faked, robbed and "doctored" dietary of modern civilised peoples.

At any rate, just as we suffer continually from shortage of vitamins in our food, and just as many "deficiency diseases" disappear when these deficiencies are made good, so we suffer from shortage of iodine, in many ways and at all ages, but most particularly in childhood and youth, in the form of a too-familiar disease called goitre, enlargement of the thyroid gland in the neck, for the cure of which iodine is the essential food.

In the United States and in Switzerland it has been proved that the commonest forms of goitre are really another "deficiency disease," which can be cured in early stages, and can be prevented wholesale by restoring the precious iodine to our diet.

So splendid are the results, at such entirely trivial cost, that in some of the cantons of Switzerland and in parts of the United States, the authorities have now made it certain that no one shall go short of iodine, by the simple measure of decreeing that no salt shall be sold for the kitchen or the table to which a small proportion of iodine has not been added.

I am not asserting here that the use of iodised salt is the best or only way in which we should be supplied. Some cities in America add the iodine to their water supply, for instance. But the use of iodised salt is very convenient and satisfactory.

A boon and a ...

For more than two years I have urged these facts upon the attention of the authorities, the salt manufacturers and the public in this country. Several iodised salts are to be had, and many people who have read my advice upon the subject are using them, but I am not satisfied.

The addition of a little iodine to salt is a mere trifle as regards cost, though it saves incalculable harm and expense. There is no reason why anyone should lack this boon.

In Switzerland, as I have lately been officially informed in that country, several of the cantons which still allow ordinary salt, destitute of iodine, to be sold, make a legal provision that iodised salt shall cost no more than the other.

I appeal to the various manufacturers of iodised salt in this country to bring down their prices, which in some instances are now practically prohibitive, and quite unwarrantable.

Positive results

And I hope that very soon the public authorities will take the question up, as those of New Zealand, for instance, have already done, and recently a few progressive medical officers of health in our own country.

A true pioneer was the late Dr. Sidney Barwise, of Derbyshire; others are Dr. James Wheatley, of Shropshire, and Dr. Kenneth Fraser, of Cumberland.

Much recent attention has been given to certain negative results obtained in one district, but not enough attention has been directed to the splendid positive results lately reported from Cumberland officially.

Readers who suffer from goitre must not attempt to treat themselves. People who are ill should be treated by a doctor; not by me, for I do not practise. But those of us who wish to be well and to see our children well should take the necessary steps to supply ourselves with our share of iodine.

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To convince you what this treatment will do we will send it for 14 days' home trial absolutely free so that you may test it at our expense. SEND NO MONEY. LET A TRIAL CONVINCE YOU.

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ON DOCTOR'S APPROVED TREATMENT OF

BRONCHITIS

AND

ASTHMA

by B. W. HAIR, M.D.

The Registrar-General reports that in December 844 PEOPLE DIED FROM BRONCHITIS IN LONDON ALONE. The Highest Mortality of Any Disease.

THE ROYAL PHYSICIAN who endorsed Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure.

DON'T let Bronchitis or Asthma wear down your vitality. You can quickly recover and avoid repeated attacks by taking Dr. Hair's Asthma and Bronchitis Cure, the unfailing liquid cure. Dr. Hair's treatment is unique. The quick relief and eventual recovery which follows its use—often when all other remedies have failed—has inspired many Medical Men to send personal testimony endorsing its efficacy.

A WELL-KNOWN DOCTOR WRITES:

December 12, 1925.

"Though it is not my practice to give testimonials to secret remedies, I consider that Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure has been before the profession for so long that there is no objection to my adding my personal testimony to its efficacy in Asthma and Bronchitis.—Yours faithfully,

.....M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P."

The greatest British Asthma Specialist of to-day says: ". . . . I have not seen one who, if there were no serious complications, no matter how long the duration of the asthma, could not be cured. . . . ."

Why tolerate more suffering? Dr. Hair's is a liquid medicine, taken in teaspoonful doses, banishing the struggle for breath, and enabling the wearied sufferer to sleep peacefully and arise refreshed.

CURED AFTER 10 YEARS' SUFFERING.

12, Easter Street, Duns, Berwickshire, 13th September, 1926.

I have suffered from Bronchial Asthma for the past 10 years and did not know what it was to get a good night's rest. I started using Dr Hair's Asthma Cure and after the third dose I have slept every night and have never had an attack since. I now take a good long walk without feeling the least distressed and feel life is worth living."

(Sgd.), Mrs. R. H. Elliot.

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It explains the cause and treatment of Bronchitis and Asthma, gives valuable information on diet and hygiene, and also includes wonderful testimony from Doctors and others. The coupon below can be sent in an unsealed envelope for a halfpenny.

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230, Grove Road, Hounslow, Middlesex.

19th August, 1926.

I received Dr. Hair's Booklet, and have had three bottles of medicine. I am very thankful to say I found great relief after taking the first bottle. I can breathe freely and sleep in comfort; the good the medicine has done me seems wonderful. I will always recommend your Remedy.

(Sgd.) Mrs. E. Morris.

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To Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure, Ltd., (Dept. 69), 104, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1.

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Human Documents

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed

A Wicked Woman's Trap

Husband or Father?—The Cousins' Curse—Youth's Thoughtlessness

"A FEW months ago I was married for the second time to a woman who had promised to make a home for me and my two motherless children.

"I married really for the sake of my two youngsters. The little boy was only just over two, and the little girl twelve months younger.

"So far as I could judge the woman I married was living respectably, and it was the way she petted my children that first made me think of marriage with her.

"She had a boy of thirteen who she told me was illegitimate, and I gladly undertook to try to make up for what he had missed in having no father to help him.

"I went to sea happy in the thought that my little ones had some one to look after them, but the first time I stepped ashore I realised what a terrible blunder I had committed.

"The boy upon whom I had spent pounds was gone, and my wife's explanation was that his father had turned up and claimed him.

"What shocked and hurt me most, however, was the terrible condition of my children; they had not a change of clothes for their backs or boots for their feet; they were verminous and dirty and appeared half-starved.

"While I was away, they had been allowed to run wild about the streets while my wife spent her time and my money in public-houses. The little girl was a mass of bruises where she had been cruelly beaten with a poker.

"I was almost glad when my ship was laid up through lack of coal, and I had to go on the 'dole,' as it gave me an opportunity of protecting the children, but that did not at all suit my wife.

"ONE day after I had given her my last pound to do her week's marketing, she went out and never returned.

"I have since discovered that this scheming woman laid a trap for me by petting my children simply in order to get married.

"Ever since the birth of her boy she had been carrying on an intrigue with his father, a married man, to whom it seems she went when she left me.

"Through the N.S.P.C.C. officer I have managed to get my poor little ones into a home, but I would like to know what I could do with this wicked and deceitful woman."

"HUMANIST" says: *It is terrible to think that a woman could fall so low as to make your love and anxiety for your little ones the means of carrying out her selfish and shameful purpose. The only thing you can do is to divorce her and, if the man to whom she has gone has any money, you may possibly be awarded substantial damages which you could devote to the children's welfare.*

* * *

"MY father, who is one of the best and kindest men that God ever put breath into, is an invalid and has been so for several years. All the family are married and living away from home and the old folks are left all alone trying to exist on £1 per week.

Helping Father

"I have been sending a little money or a parcel of comforts every week to help them, as my poor father needs extra nourishment, and I am the only one in a position to provide it, and last week my husband as I was making up a parcel, started to complain and told me I must stop that sort of thing as we had quite enough to do to provide for ourselves.

"I am very upset about it, for the little I gave was not missed, and it made me so very happy to do what I could.

"I like to fall in with my husband's wishes, but I do not think I was asking too much when I only wanted to make my father's remaining days as comfortable as possible.

"I fear he will not last long now, and if I obey my husband the poor dear will feel that he has become a burden.

"I do not know what to do for the best. My husband professes to love me and I love him, but this is making me feel very bitter and unhappy."

"HUMANIST" says: *I think your husband's view is worse than selfish, seeing that he has not been deprived of anything to provide your father with little comforts. Ask him to try to put himself in your father's place and consider his feelings if all tokens of love and sympathy were suddenly withdrawn. If he still remains adamant, which I hope he won't, he cannot complain if you continue to do good by stealth.*

* * *

"TWO brothers married two sisters and two of their children in their turn married, with terrible results for their offspring. The two boys were hopeless epileptics. One died a short time ago in his teens; the other, now over twenty, is gradually becoming quite incapable.

Cousins' Descendants

"One girl, whom the mother had kept at home to help, died, largely, I believe, through the nervous strain of looking after this epileptic brother, and now the parents wish their eldest girl, the brightest of the family, to leave her place, where she is getting on very well, and return home to help with the invalid.

"I know the mother cannot manage him herself. Her own health is breaking up fast, and she has consulted me as to what is best to be done.

"The home is only a small cottage, and if the girl came home she would have to sleep in the same room as her epileptic brother. Naturally, she is terrified at the prospect.

"I suggested that the poor lad should be sent to the infirmary, but the mother strongly objects and says she feels it is her duty to look after her own.

"Can you tell me anything I can say or do to help in this matter?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Although I can understand the mother's feelings, the kindest thing she can do is to put her son in a suitable institution where he will receive proper care and attention. The daughter cannot be compelled to return home and I think it would be most unwise for her to do so.*

Home Comforts

IF you have no one near and dear dependent upon you for home comforts, you can bring happiness into the lives of friendless and forlorn souls, who are greatly in need, by sending a subscription to "The Greatest of These——" Fund. (See page 38.)

"I HAVE a son, a good hard-working lad in his eighteenth year. He is fond of dances, whist-drives, tennis and cricket, and is very popular with his club companions. It is a blessing to be able to say that he keeps good company.

Youth Forgets

"He has one of the best of fathers, and they are quite good pals, but father is quite an old home-bird, who is content to spend all his leisure time at home, and would like the boy to be the same.

"He considers it nothing but a waste of money to spend so much on dances and amusements and in addition to this he does not like the idea of the lad keeping such late hours.

"My son knows this, and leaves it to me to get his father's consent when he wishes to be out late.

"I always manage to talk round my husband, but I am beginning to wonder whether I am right in encouraging the boy in these habits.

"I tell his father I would rather know that the lad was at a dance or whist-drive than spending his time in public-houses, as so many lads of his age are in the habit of doing, but I often notice a very sad look in the old man's eyes, and I think he feels somewhat lonely and that his boy in growing up is drifting away from him."

"HUMANIST" says: *I think probably your boy is just thoughtless. Youth is apt to forget that age sometimes grieves in loneliness. Ask the lad for the sake of the pleasure it would give his father to apportion his leisure equally between home comfort and outside amusement, and if he is the good son you say he is, out of consideration for his father's feelings, I do not think he will need asking twice.*

* * *

Fleeing from a Shadow

"After I married, I found that my wife had a husband living, and I left her. She obtained a maintenance order against me, but a friend tells me that if I go to Belfast it cannot be enforced. Kindly advise me what to do."

"Humanist" says: *Why run away? If you can prove that the woman committed bigamy, you can get the marriage annulled and the maintenance order revoked, for she is not your wife.*

An Inhuman Employer

"A girl where I work had to have a day off on account of her mother's death. The boss stopped her pay and, when she asked for it, said roughly that he was not responsible for her mother's death. Can she sue him?"

"Humanist" says: *It would not be worth while suing for a day's pay even if she is legally entitled to it. The best thing she can do is to take the first opportunity of leaving such an outrageously hard-hearted employer.*

The Test of Absence

"I am twenty years of age and have for some time been courting a girl two years younger. I expect to go to sea soon and shall probably be away for a year or two. Do you think it would be fair for me to tie the girl by becoming engaged or should I set her free?"

"Humanist" says: *If your mutual affection is of a lasting character such as would justify you in marrying there is no need for the bond of an engagement. Your long absence will provide a useful test of the depth of your love.*

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From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given with equally good results to the children.

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STRATFORD—375, High Street, E.15.
HOLBORN—51, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.
CAMDEN TOWN—345, Kentish Town Road.
STOKE NEWINGTON.—88-90, High Street, N.16.
BOW—165, Bow Road, E.3.
KING'S CROSS—212, Caledonian Road, N.1.
PADDINGTON—219, Shirland Road, W.9.
FULHAM—363, Fulham Road, S.W.10.
WHITECHAPEL—223-225, Whitechapel Road, E.1.
UPTON PARK—361, Green Street, E.13.
CROYDON—5, London Road.
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I am assisted by a large and expert staff, and the advice we give is sound. If we cannot help you we will say so; if we can we will tell you how.

Yours sincerely,
T. B. Bennett

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Our Letter Parliament

Flies Round the Jam

Stopping Strikes—Ocean Horrors—Long Odds Against Workless

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

A FEW days ago I was spending a holiday in Worcestershire, and a Severn ferryman said, indicating an exceedingly isolated little church, "That's the church where 'Woodbine Willie' was once curate!" The news was of stirring interest to me, in view of the compelling articles which he now writes in his breezy style. His Army chaplaincy developed him as a leader of men, and now JOHN BULL readers see him as an observer who can teach.—*Admirer, Cricklewood.*

The Call for Luxury

"Woodbine Willie's" article sets out exactly the position to-day. The enormous demand for luxury by all classes is a growing burden to almost all civilised nations. Employers want the luxuries of millionaires; employees revolt, and so the wild turmoil continues with a background of unemployment and poverty. Such a position has made mighty nations extinct.—*L. J. Barnes, Surrey.*

The War-Mongers' Asset

As a final diagnosis of the sickness in our industrial system, "Woodbine Willie's" article is too simple and sweeping to meet all the facts. What of the joylessness of modern labour conditions? In their denial of the natural human instinct of original creative activity lies the seed not only of our labour troubles, but of that craving for excitement and release which is the greatest asset of the war-mongers.—*W. J. Downie, Acton.*

Helping It Down

The marge-eater should not be grudged his bit of jam. It helps down the hard tack, and has a certain dietetic value. The people who should get their jam ration reduced are those who slap it on the best butter. The rhubarb-and-apple of the worker is too dear. Cheaper beer and tobacco, for instance, would make for less discontent. The preserves of the idle rich should be made correspondingly costly to balance any loss through relief to the toiling masses who have, perhaps, more right to their bit of jam.—*J. J. A., Birmingham.*

Jam for All

It is clear that "Woodbine Willie" has doubts of there being enough "jam" to go round. The familiar phrase, "You want jam on it," is as applicable to our life to-day as it was during the war. There was plenty of jam for the troops. Yet, because something or somebody had interfered with its distribution, there were times when "Tommy" couldn't get a lick. And so it is to-day. The "jam" of a better existence for all is being produced in abundance. But, alas! the devil of selfishness has control of the commissariat.—"*Tickler*," *Edinburgh.*

Jam and Cake

"Woodbine Willie" considers everything above "a bare existence wage" as jam, but he apparently has lost sight of the "bread and marge" of old age and misfortune for which a good proportion of the jam must be earmarked. He might have had a rap at the people who get the jam and also want cake.—*Thin Layer, Southsea.*

A Divine Itch

Surely "Woodbine Willie" is wrong in condemning the desire of man to seek something better than "bread and marge." The desire for "jam" is a sign of ambition, of a healthy discontent with the drabness of life. Man's evolution to his present position would never have been possible had it not been for those with a divine itch for something better.—*Jammy, Aylesbury.*

Tiring Platitudes

The word "jam" figuratively used to signify the workers striving for something more than bed and fodder occurs thirty-four times in "Woodbine Willie's" article. The workers are tired of this unctuous preaching of platitude. They realise that the evils proceed from physical causes that must be altered—land monopoly, financial tyranny and over-population. All the prayer in the world will not remove these.—*M. B., Braintree.*

Worthy of Hire

Do employers appreciate efficient workers, or do they, even against the interests of business, prefer the cheaper article? Every day we see advertisements for workers, "State age, and salary required." I know of cases where the cheapest man has got the job before men of greater abilities.—*Spark, Oldham.*

The Hoppers' Homes

Anyone who travels to East Kent via Sittingbourne can see rows of "nightmare bedrooms." Most people think the places are pig-sties, until they happen to pass in the hop season and see children playing at the doors. It is amazing that only one M.P.—your contributor, Mr. Frank Briant—should have dared to voice a protest.—*A. Francis, Ramsgate.*

A Film of Hate

Do we need to be reminded of the Great War? If not, one wonders why the film "Mons" should so attract crowds that it has to be shown five times daily. Our youth does not need bloodshed and hate thrust upon it, and while many are striving for universal peace and brotherhood, films of war should be forbidden.—*W. H., Sutton.*

A Sea Scandal

Your disclosure of the vile accommodation provided for the crews on many British ships should earn the gratitude of all sea-faring men. Imagine a room about 14 ft. by 8 ft., in the tropics, in which eight firemen have to sleep, keep their stokehold clothes and also eat, and this in a ship owned by one of the richest shipping firms in England.—*D. S., Liverpool.*

Dock Their Wages!

As one who has gone without food through strikes, I read with real pleasure the article by Mr. E. Rolfe Thompson. I am fully convinced that strikes do no good. They are often organised by so-called leaders for political ends, and cause misery and ruin. If union leaders' wages were docked the same as workers', the great endeavour would be to settle all grievances without stoppage.—*Sufferer, Cheshire.*

Not "Workshies"

Sneering suggestions are being thrown out that the unemployed have no wish to return to honest work. These traducers should acquaint themselves with the facts. In the Ministry of Labour Gazette for September, the number of employers wanting workers from the exchanges was just over 20,000 a week, and the number of unemployed was over 1,000,000. This means that there was one job between eighty workers!—*J. E. J., Cardiff.*

That's the Stuff

By growing their own vegetables, the County School at Barlby, Yorks., and the Gilberdike Council School are able to supply hot mid-day meals to their scholars at 1½d. and 2d. For 2d. the Barlby children have soup, and the choice of hotpot, shepherd's pie, meat and potato pie, rissoles, sausage, and beef, potatoes and cabbage, with currant roll and custard or fruit and custard as sweets. Now, if it can be done in one district, why not another?—*A. N., Birmingham.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes 'Pie.")

"DURSLEY GAZETTE":—"The Chipping Sodbury Dance Club is re-commencing its SUNDAY evening dances on SATURDAY next.

"HAMPSHIRE CHRONICLE":—"A young girl, age 15 MONTHS, would like to learn dressmaking."

"FOOTBALL ECHO":—"He had not recovered UNCONSCIOUSNESS at the final whistle."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS":—"Girl's BLACK rubberproof coat, in various COLOURS, 21s."

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

"It makes me ill," opines Old Bill,
"To think for them few rounds
A punching pet can ask and get
A hundred thousand pounds!"

Films that speak are so unique
And may cut out the dumb thing,
But Cabinets should issue sets
That show them DOING something.

Stone-age bosses making losses
In their line of biz.
All be-muddled, fairly fuddled,
Wondering how it is!

No one heeding tho' pig breeding
Fortunes would provide;
Are we crazy then or lazy
Thus to let things slide?

20/- down
Installed free

Great New Wireless Offer

Our wonderful 2-valve set with loud speaker *and* headphones installed *free* in your own home *—anywhere—* by our own Installation Engineers for £12 cash; or £1 down and 20/- a month for twelve months only. And we guarantee satisfaction.

There is nothing else to buy—*the set is complete with all accessories.*

When our Engineers have installed the set just switch on and enjoy perfect and powerful loud-speaker reception.

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Send a postcard to-day for free illustrated catalogue No. 3B and full particulars of this offer.

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Radio Notes

Simpler Radio

by W. R. DOUGLAS SHAW

FROM correspondence received, I gather that quite a large number of readers of JOHN BULL have delayed getting wireless sets because they have an idea that the apparatus requires a lot of attention and expert knowledge to keep it in working order.

Actually, there are now no grounds for putting-off the purchase of a set on this account, and older folk who have enjoyed listening-in on sets constructed at home by their clever nephews need no longer have any doubts as to whether they themselves can operate sets without any technical advice or assistance.

Radio has arrived definitely at a stage of development where a person having not the slightest technical knowledge can listen-in regularly night after night using his own set and without any technical assistance.

Moreover, the features of reliability and simplicity apply with similar force both to a five or six-valve set, for long-distance reception, and to the crystal set, for local work.

Sets of all types and sizes can now be purchased with every assurance that there is about them nothing complicated and likely to require more than very occasional expert attention.

TWO factors have to be considered when one contemplates the purchase of a set. First, there is the amount one is prepared to spend, and, secondly, the number of broadcasting stations which one desires to receive.

In striking a balance between these factors, one should bear in mind that money spent on a good small set is better spent than on an inferior, but larger, set.

It does not follow that a large set will receive one's local station with any nearer approach to perfection than a small set. In fact, the contrary is often the case, and a small set designed to receive the local station may be much more satisfactory than a larger and more costly set.

The advantage of a large set is that it offers a wider choice of programmes from distant stations.

IF you have a valve set, and if your home is lighted by electricity, you can do away entirely with the inconvenience of making journeys to the wireless shop to get batteries recharged. Battery chargers and eliminators constitute one of the most outstanding developments of the past year, and several models are now marketed.

These units are self-contained and not in any way complicated.

The "Balkite" trickle battery charger is a device in this category. It keeps the low-tension battery always at full strength, being used for this purpose over night while the set is not in use. It is suitable for 2, 4, or 6-volt accumulators and is made in two ratings to suit 100-120-volt supply systems and 200-240-volt systems. In both cases the price is the same—namely, £2 18s.

This battery charger is one of the well-known Burndept products, and is well worth consideration by all who own valve sets, but wish to do away with the inconvenience of waiting for batteries to come back from the shop or garage to which with this device they need not be taken.

The cost of working the battery charger is not more than ¼d. per day, so the effect on the electric light bill is hardly noticeable.

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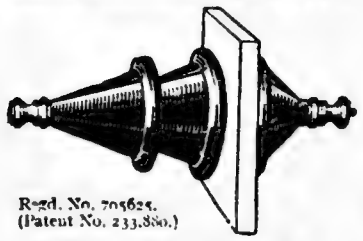
WIRELESS ACCESSORIES

Quality guaranteed by over 50 years electrical manufacturing experience.



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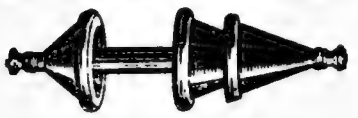
Made of best quality enamel coated ebonite, these insulators take advantage of the excellent insulating properties of glass, and at the same time avoid losses by keeping the lead in well away from walls. Rubber rings form a watertight joint against the pane. The cone keeps a portion of the insulator dry in wet weather. PRICE 3/6 each.

A special drill with instructions for making hole in glass supplied with each insulator.



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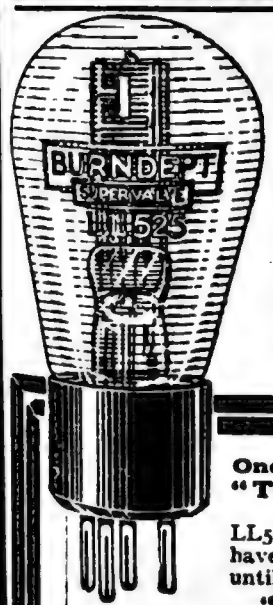

Read what the experts say about BURNDEPT SUPER VALVES

One of the Leading Trade Journals, "THE WIRELESS TRADER," says
(Issue of Sept. 15th, 1926):—

LL525. "The valve proved to be the best we have tried, and we shall always use it in future until something better comes along."

"POPULAR WIRELESS" says
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"In the LL525 Burndept Valve, providing that it is employed with a suitable speaker, they now have an economical 'last stager' which, in our opinion, is as good as, if not better than anything in its class."

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DOUGLAS STUART

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and

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"Try Try Again" Once More

My Finals for the Cesarewitch—This Week's Big Race—Hard-worked Nothing Venture—Unnamed Horses—Our Very Active Steward

A FORTNIGHT ago I told a little story on this page about Try Try Again, and I pointed out that the filly had a splendid chance to win the Newbury Cup.

Try Try Again's Newbury Race

I went to Newbury specially to see Rhodes' four-year-old. As everyone knows she won the Cup comfortably by half a length at the nice price of 7 to 1. For the greater part of the race the filly was last, and she did not join the leaders until well after the field had turned into the straight for home. She finished quite fresh, and I am sure that the extra furlong at Newmarket will not trouble her.

Breezy Heather for a Place

In the Cesarewitch Try Try Again carries 3 lbs. more than she shouldered at Newbury, and if she goes to the post fit and well, she stands as my selection. I suggest Breezy Heather as the best place bet. It is worth mentioning that after the Cup was over, Rhodes, the trainer of Try Try Again, stated that he thought his charge would have been a better winner still if the going had been on the soft side. In the event of rain, this fact is worth remembering.

Some Special Selections

I always enjoy the racing at Newbury. From a sight-seeing point of view the course is the best in the country, and good-sized fields invariably contest every race. At the recent meeting, in addition to coding two winners and two placed horses—out of my four selections—I did my good turn to one of JOHN BULL'S registered readers who wrote to say that he was going to Newbury on a beano—his words, not mine—and would I send him some specials to pay his expenses. He received Fort Flare, won 7 to 1, Cresta Run, won 3 to 1, and two seconds, Bridge of Dun and Gay Baby.

This Week's Big Race

The Duke of York Stakes, the big event of the week at Kempton, is not unlike the world's worst cross-word puzzle, but I intend to take a chance with Naldera. I coded the mare when she won recently at Windsor. Her price, 5 to 4, was not very satisfactory, but better odds should be obtainable on Saturday. The Duke of York Stakes is regarded as a Cambridgeshire trial, but the victor seldom carries off both races. Polymelus, in 1906, did the trick, but most horses find the 10 lb. penalty which the Kempton winner has to shoulder puts paid to their chance.

Nothing Venture Nothing Win

Nothing Venture, the 9 to 2 winner of the Great Eastern Handicap at Newmarket, did the code a good turn. This was the son of Risky's second win this season, and evidently his connections have great faith in the old adage, "Nothing Venture nothing win." In his short career the three-year-old has taken part in twenty-six events. Last season he won six of his fifteen races. If horses possessed a union Nothing Venture would probably demand a general strike. It is seldom that youngsters are worked so hard.

Unnamed Horses

Racing is the easiest game in the world at which to make mistakes for the simple reason that there are so many pitfalls. When you have been following the Marigold Colt—by Daisy Cutter, you are apt to overlook him when he first sports silk as Mangel Wurzel or Hayseed. I know several people who intended to follow Reflection Filly as she ran a good race against Presto at Yarmouth. After this event she was named Vision and cantered away with the First October Nursery at Newmarket. To their chagrin, my several friends missed her. In Ireland and France unnamed horses are not allowed to race, but in England, for some unknown reason, they can compete without names as two-year-olds. It is about time the rule was amended.

A Month of Ill-luck

If Mr. Solly Joel's September bad luck still pursues him he will not win the Cesarewitch, although he owns Glommen, the favourite. I knew the past month had been a bad one for his stable, but I did not realise the extent of the ill-luck until I read a few details in *The Sporting Life and Sportsman*. His Glommen lost the Doncaster Cup in the objection room. Prompt, at the same meeting, was the unluckiest loser of the year. Pons Asinorum was narrowly beaten at Newbury. These were really only minor mishaps. In September Mr. Joel also lost three brood mares and three of his young horses had to be destroyed owing to accidents.

The Satrap for America

Major McCalmont will not win any of next season's classics with The Satrap, as I understand he has sold the colt. The son of The Tetrarch is going to America.

Where Jockeys Go in Winter-time

A large number of our flat-race jockeys go abroad during the winter months. The exodus takes place as soon as racing ends. Last season Dempsey returned to his native Australia. He is going for good this year. "Brownie" Carslake took a trip to Czecho Slovakia and many of the rich Hungarian racing stables wanted his services. Orme and several others combined business with pleasure riding in India. Elliott, the champion jockey, went to Egypt, where he is taking another engagement this back-end.

Our Very Active Steward

Lord Lonsdale is the senior steward of the Jockey Club, and I have often heard him referred to as the club's most active steward. He is here, there and everywhere. Quite recently his presence at the starting gate was most useful when a jockey complained about the starter. His lordship merits his popularity. Two or three months ago I was at Olympia when he caused great amusement by dancing with a "coster's gal" in pearlies.

Lord Lonsdale

The Watch that Came Back

Time flies, but it must be almost twenty years since Lord Lonsdale had his pocket picked by a crook outside the Gaiety and lost his watch. Some time later the thief discovered whom he had robbed and immediately returned the watch by pushing it through his lordship's letter-box.

"SILVER RING."

FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK.

JOLIMENT is good for a nursery in the near future.

LADY LAWLESS may win the Cesarewitch Trial Plate at Lingfield. She is an excellent stayer.

CRESTA RUN, who won for the code recently at Newbury, should be backed again in the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton.

FAIRIELIKE FUR was backed like a certainty at Gatwick. These "good" things which slip up are usually worth following. She is engaged at Kempton.

INVERSHIN won very easily at Ayr. If a runner in the Haydock Park Autumn Handicap he will most likely score again.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special.

X 3 C G Q V R E D Y B N L H

O K P I T S W F Z A M U 2 J

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. PNQQGUIJYB would read COTTINGHAM.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, October 6, to Tuesday, October 12.

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK END COUPS.

6 HOME.—Newcastle, Preston, Manchester C., Stoke, Crystal Palace, Luton.

5 HOME.—Bolton, Manchester C., Oldham, Stoke, Luton.

4 HOME.—Preston, Hull, Bradford, Charlton.

3 AWAY.—Huddersfield, Plymouth, Aberdeen.

3 DRAWS.—Cardiff v. Sheffield U., Lincoln v. Nelson, Dundee v. St. Mirren.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Preston, Manchester C., Stoke, Huddersfield, Plymouth.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Rochdale, Bury, Tottenham v. Birmingham.

FORECASTS FOR OCTOBER 16.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Arsenal, Birmingham, Bury, Huddersfield, Leicester, Sunderland, Tottenham.

AWAY WINNERS.—Burnley, Newcastle.

DRAWS.—West Bromwich v. Bolton, The Wednesday v. Liverpool.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Blackpool, Darlington, Fulham, Grimsby, Manchester C., Notts Forest, Reading, Swansea.

AWAY WINNER.—Port Vale.

DRAWS.—Oldham v. Preston, Portsmouth v. Chelsea.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (NORTHERN).

HOME WINNERS.—Bradford, Chesterfield, Nelson, New Brighton, Stoke, Walsall.

AWAY WINNERS.—Rochdale, Hartlepools.

DRAWS.—Doncaster v. Crewe, Rotherham v. Halifax, Wrexham v. Stockport.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (SOUTHERN).

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdare, Bristol C., Crystal Palace, Gillingham, Newport, Plymouth, Watford.

AWAY WINNERS.—Swindon, Millwall.

DRAWS.—Bournemouth v. Merthyr, Queen's Park Rangers v. Bristol Rovers.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdeen, Airdrie, Dundee, Dunfermline, Hearts, Glasgow Rangers.

AWAY WINNER.—Morton.

DRAWS.—Clyde v. Falkirk, Hamilton v. Hibernians, St. Mirren v. Celtic.

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SIX LEAGUES
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Suspicious and curious symptoms. May they come from that risk that was taken so lightly, so foolishly, and which now ends in the dreaded Venereal Disease? It is better to be on the safe side and consult a doctor at once. For one of the worst things about Venereal Diseases is that the longer they are left without treatment the less hope is there of quick and permanent cure.

Your own doctor can advise or any of the Free Treatment Centres will give you advice and, if necessary, treatment free of charge and in full secrecy.

Full information free (in plain cover) may be obtained from the Hon. Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council, Incorporated, Dept. P., Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James's Park Station), and his advice will be available free at this address on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

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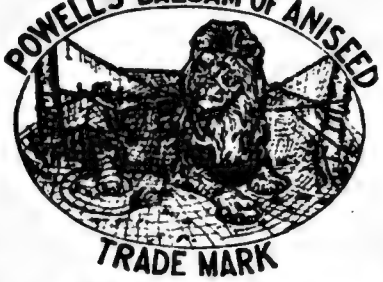

Still Supreme!

CENTURY OLD REMEDY for

COUGHS, COLDS and BRONCHITIS

SWIFT, SAFE and CERTAIN!

For over a hundred years Powell's Balsam of Aniseed has been the recognised remedy for coughs and colds and Winter ills in countless homes. Imitations have come and imitations have gone—new "remedies" have lived their little day—but Powell's Balsam is still supreme as a swift, safe and certain remedy for coughs and colds and all chest, lung and throat troubles.

Now that Winter is at hand, you should know about this grand remedy, and keep a bottle handy. A trial will convince you of its wonderful soothing and healing powers. It contains no harmful drug whatsoever, and can be given with safety to children and invalids.

A few doses taken betimes will often arrest what would otherwise be a heavy cold. Powell's Balsam of Aniseed quickly allays throat-irritation, frees the phlegm, stops the coughing, heals the inflamed tissues and strengthens chest, throat and lungs against further attack.

When buying, look for the "Lion, Net and Mouse" Trade Mark. It is your guarantee against deception.

Powell's BALSAM of ANISEED

TESTED JB

1/3, 3/- & 5/- PER BOTTLE

From Boots, Taylors, Timothy White, all Chemists and Stores, or direct from THOMAS POWELL, Ltd. (Desk 17) Blackfriars Rd., LONDON, S.E.

The name SPRATTS on the bags, and the trademark X on the biscuits is your only guarantee of a quality that will never be surpassed. Write for booklet, "The Dog" and for expert information to:
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Your Best Pal's-Best Pals!

SPRATTS

MEAT-FIBRINE

DOG FOODS

JOHN BULL *Replies*

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

THE results of the coal stoppage have caused much worry and distress to many people. There are also many passing through times of anxiety and worry by reason of problems that seriously affect them individually. These are the people for whom JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service was instituted. Send particulars, with stamped, addressed envelope, and the most direct and safe way out of your trouble will be shown—free.

* * *

S. A. N. (Bolton).—"Have you lived in London all your life?" Not yet.

Mrs. H. (Salisbury).—"What *are* our young women coming to?" To old ones, if they live long enough.

S. N. (Hastings).—"I was terribly upset when the bank went broke." Did you lose your balance?

J. L. D. (Highgate).—"Is it easy to write short stories?" Perfectly—unless you want them published.

J. R. P. (Deal).—"I have just returned from tiger-hunting in India, and had splendid luck." Didn't you meet any?

D. L. (Penge).—"There's nothing for helping one on the road to wealth like one's own will." Except that of a rich relation.

GEO. H. B. (St. Albans).—"It's the motor-cycle attachments that cost the money." Especially the shingled and bingled ones.

M. S. B. (Waltham Cross).—"I am going to have my hair treated by a wonderful new electric process." Let us know when it comes off.

BETTY G. (Lewisham).—"I knocked a chemist up for rouge, and he wouldn't serve me." His whole stock wouldn't have covered your cheek.

S. V. (Cheam).—"His wife's gossiping ways made his business so unpopular that he had to shut down." But we wager she didn't shut up.

H. P. (Sutherland).—"I know an eccentric fellow who actually talks to wasps when they settle near him." And doesn't he ever get a stinging reply?

R. R. (Twickenham).—"There's no justice in this country." If you don't pay your income-tax you go to prison, if you do you go to the workhouse.

Miss M. M. (Southbourne).—"I dote on Scott's 'Ivanhoe,' I worship his 'Rob Roy,' and I have read 'Waverley' a dozen times." What do you think of his "Emulsion"?

Mrs. S. (York).—"The water sometimes comes in the cellar to the depth of 3 ft." Heavens! A little more and you'll be in danger of getting your skirts wet.

C. L. (Bideford).—"Engine-drivers have always seemed to me a very sturdy, independent body of men." Yet they always have to keep on lines laid for them by others.

W. N. (Saltburn).—"Though the clock I bought quite recently won't go, the maker insists on my paying for it without further delay." Sorry to hear the tick has stopped.

T. W. (Staines).—"He told me that he had been playing golf with his wife, and just because I asked which won he went away in a huff." Possibly he thought you asked, which *one!*

D. S. (Exeter).—"I have some money to invest." Capital!

R. A. (Taunton).—"I had thirty prize chickens killed in one night." Rats!

D. A. T. (Leicester).—"She wouldn't share my lot." Perhaps it isn't a lot to share.

B. B. M. (Finchley).—"What is a suburban handicap?" Living in the suburbs.

P. B. (Hitchin).—"I thirst for knowledge." But don't swallow all you are told.

M. N. B. (Sunderland).—"Can I insure with two wooden legs?" Fire or life?

R. A. (London, S.W.).—"She refused to mend my golf stockings." Hole in one?

S. T. (Bury).—"My pullets have started to lay eggs." What did you expect, gold nuggets?

A. Y. (Eton).—"Has Henry Ford written his life story." Yes. It's an autobiography.

H. K. (Crewe).—"It's no good asking me to take a back seat." Would you take affront?

N. L. (Bootle).—"My motor-car turned turtle." Now's your chance to start an aquarium.

G. M. (Pinehurst).—"Are you tall, short, dark, fair, stout, thin or what? I'm curious." You are.

Y. S. (Cambridge).—"I send you an article on sausage manufacture." We don't print mystery stories.

TOM (Hampstead).—"My father and I had some words last Tuesday." Then mother must have been out.

S. S. A. (Westcliff).—"She played the very deuce with my heart." Perhaps you played the knave with hers.

M. M. L. (Winchester).—"I have a lot of irons in the fire. What do you think of this article?" Put it with the other irons.

T. L. (Finchley).—"The lightning scared her and she stopped in the middle of her song." Isn't Nature wonderful?

D. L. (Luton).—"I called at his office and was shown up by the commissionaire." What did he know about you?

F. M. (Cardiff).—"If I bring my poem to your office how much will you give me for it?" A few yards start.

T. N. (York).—"I wrote to the grocer protesting against his high prices." Beginning, of course, with "*Dear* Sir."

L. Y. (Chenies).—"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Yes, but you don't need to be afraid of any risks yet awhile.

Jones: "Well, you can't grumble at the 'bus fares."
MacFlint: "H'm, but look what a way ye have to walk to save a penny now."

One of 25 funny jokes in this week's "Passing Show"—36 pages for 2d.

T. C. (Chester).—"Who wrote 'Valencia'?" Come, come! Let bygones be bygones.

B. T. (Tottenham).—"A doctor is entitled to respect." Yet lots of people put their tongues out at him.

J. N. (Oxted).—"I have an open mind." In spite of that nothing much seems to have got in.

L. B. (Penge).—"A tax on petrol would make a difference to the motorist." In the long run.

F. N. (Egham).—"I have cause to pat myself on the back." You won't push yourself on very far that way.

C. V. (Louth).—"I don't like cigarettes, but they soothe my nerves." We suppose you carry a few in case.

Miss O. (Wanstead).—"Could *you* manage on my salary, I ask?" Possibly, but what would you do in that case?

B. M. (Keston).—"How can I get on the stage?" One method is to climb on the orchestra conductor's shoulders and then jump.

A. E. (Chesterfield).—"Why you turned down my article I have no idea." That's exactly why we *did* turn it down.

L. R. (Redford).—"The modern girl is just an over-dressed doll." But she doesn't squeak "Ma-ma!" when squeezed.

B. I. (Dover).—"One day she rewarded me with a slight smile." On other days she was probably able to control her mirth.

L. M. (Leeds).—"I was so busy giving instructions to my daughter that I missed my train." Never mind. You trained your miss.

T. B. (Thetford).—"Once I threatened to blow out my brains, but she only laughed." She probably knew how impossible it was.

C. R. (Radnor).—"I can't eat, sleep, smoke or pay proper attention to my work." It's time you plucked up courage and proposed to her.

P. L. (Colthurst).—"It is possible for a girl to have a good colour by merely thinking hard." But those thoughts can't be very nice!

S. H. (Benfleet).—"I asked the policeman to show me the way to go home and he ran me in." You must have made a song about it.

C. T. N. (Oxted).—"The doctor asked me a lot of questions and then sounded me with his stethoscope." He wanted inside information.

L. F. (Wisbech).—"What did you think of my article?" We liked the first sentence and the last, but they were too far apart.

J. H. (Harrow-on-the-Hill).—"Falling in love is as interesting as going to a bazaar—full of unexpectedness." Admittance free, then pay, pay, pay.

L. G. H. (Marlborough).—"The life of a clerk in a pay-desk is a deadly monotonous one." On the contrary, it's a life of perpetual change.

B. T. (Minehead).—"I was as cool as a cucumber and refused to move for the car, which just missed me." You were as green as a cucumber, too.

F. T. (Cowes).—"As Shakespeare says, an honest man is one in ten thousand." Mercy! And there are only 615 members in the whole House of Commons.

M. B. (Islington).—"By the time we get a house, I'm thinking we shan't need one." Get a *Bullet* home this week and that £2,500 will get you a *Bullets* home.

Mrs. C. (Bradford).—"I threw over a millionaire's son to marry my present husband." Which proves that some men are born to be both rich and lucky.

L. K. I. (Brighouse).—"My wife is so bigoted she objects to me using alcohol for a sore back." Perhaps she thinks you will break your neck trying to lick it off.

G. N. (Rugby).—"Marriage seems to become a more difficult problem every day." Due chiefly to the squabbles which arise as to who has prior claim to the safety-razor.

F. M. (Morecambe).—"It seems a great pity that more people do not keep bees." They are really useful insects, having been known even to sting a jobbing gardener into activity.

J. N. C. (Balham).—"My chief and the head of my department both congratulated me on having my head screwed on the right way." Then be careful you don't get it turned.

J. H. (Lewisham).—"I lost my job through playing chess in office hours, and shall be very hard up till I get another." We fear you may have to depend for a bit on one or two little pawns.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— TESTED JB

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Proprietors of "John Bull."

Outlast leather . . !

Joy-ped 'STICK-ON' Rubber soles *outlast leather* and make shoes damp-proof. Light and neat. Cost little and save much. Secured with PHILLIPS SOLUTION, they never come off. Of Bootmen and Leather Sellers.

Ladies' 1/6
Men's 2/6
per pair
including
PHILLIPS SOLUTION

JOY-PED STICK-ON SOLES

—Phillips Second Quality—

INCOMPARABLE VALUE!

Even at their remarkably low price P. & H. lamps are obviously superior to all others in design, workmanship and quality. Here's two splendid examples:

THE 'PANTHER'

The finest acetylene cycle lamp on the market. Possesses the following ADDITIONAL advantages over competitive makes: Aluminium reflector; central locking device to make carbide chamber gas tight; solid feeder cap; valve with spring indicator.

5/-

THE 'WINNER'

Rightly named and easily outclasses competitive makes: Bold front which opens (2½in. glass); specially ventilated body; aluminium reflector—easily accessible; hinged fount with locking device; extra large oil well, rubber-fitted knuckle and strong bracket. Nickel plated 2/3

1/6

From all dealers of repute, POWELL & HARMER, LTD., Aston, Birmingham.

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FIRST-CLASS ARTISTES—ELECTRICAL RECORDING

THREE BRILLIANT EXAMPLES OF THE NEW RECORDING

Celebrity G.O.70 Red label 3/6	The Bells of St. Mary's	Associated G'ee Clubs of America. 1000 Male Voices
	John Peel	
12-inch A. 301 Green label 4/-	The Storm	Spencer Shaw, A.R.C.O. Grand Organ Solo
	Russian Patrol	
10-inch 2778 Green label 2/6	Coming thro' the Cornfield (Fox Trot)	Bert Firman's Dance Orchestra
	Summer rain brings the Roses again (Fox Trot)	

1/- GETS A FINE GRAMOPHONE WITH RECORDS

Write for FREE LISTS

I guarantee to please you because I supply QUALITY instruments only, guaranteed for 5 Years. Any Horn, Hornless, Table Grand, Portable, or the famous 'ROBEYPHONE' sent on 14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL, PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID. First instalment secures immediate delivery. Thousands of testimonials. Money refunded if dissatisfied. WRITE FOR MY FREE LISTS AND CHOOSE A QUALITY INSTRUMENT AND AS MANY RECORDS AS YOU LIKE.

Chas. Robey Ltd.
THE WORLD'S PROVIDER OF 3 COVENTRY.

HOME EMPLOYMENT

£312 in 3 YEARS!

Mrs. Reader, who purchased a Golden Fleece Knitting Machine in 1922, has received £312 in wages.

NO wonder Mrs. Reader is satisfied with her Golden Fleece Knitting Machine. She has proved to her lasting satisfaction the great usefulness of the Golden Fleece Knitting Machine in the home. The fact that she has earned as much as £312 is the best possible proof that home knitting is a most profitable industry.

During the past three years this Company has paid out over £20,000 in wages to home workers, apart from the big money that these workers have been able to earn on knitted goods they have made and sold privately.

Mrs. Reader's experience is typical of many others. This is what she says:—

1, Bedford Cottages, Liphook, Hants.
Dear Sirs, 6/1 26.

Just over three years ago I bought a Golden Fleece Knitting Machine and it has proved a wonderful investment.

During the past three years I have received from you over £312 in wages for work sent you under my agreement, and have earned quite a nice sum by selling work locally. Your Machine and work guarantee have proved a very great boon. I am able to turn all my spare half hours into money by having my machine always at hand. I bless the day when I first heard of your offer of employment.

Yours faithfully, (Sgd.) L. Reader.

If you have spare time which you would like to employ in this profitable way, write for particulars of the Golden Fleece Knitting Machine, together with our offer to purchase your entire output of socks or stockings knitted to our instructions. No experience is necessary. Don't delay. Send now for the

FREE BOOKLET

which tells all about this Wonderful Money-Saving-and-Making-Machine

FILL UP THE COUPON BELOW.

"JOHN BULL" COUPON

To the South British Manufacturing Co., Ltd. (Dept. 63Z), 91 to 97, Clerkenwell Rd., E.C.

Sirs,—I would like to read a copy of your Free Booklet telling how money can be saved and made at home with a Golden Fleece Knitting Machine. I enclose 1d. stamp for postage to:

Name .....

Address .....

J.B. Oct. 9, 26Z ....

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The Lightning Pick-me-up.

This New and Wonderful Yeast-Vitamin Treatment is guaranteed to be safer, quicker and more effective than Aspirin. Composed of pure medicinal Yeast, Vitamins, and other valuable ingredients, and is prescribed by leading medical specialists. The gentle fermentation of Yeast-Vite when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating buoyant feeling of extreme vigour.

When out of sorts or depressed, take 1 or 2 YEAST-VITE Tablets, and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE TABLETS will relieve:—

Headache, Neuralgia, etc.	in 5 minutes.
Indigestion, Flatulence...	in 5 to 10 minutes.
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression	in 10 to 15 minutes
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc.	... in 10 to 15 minutes
Influenza Colds, Fever	in 24 hours

1/3, 2/9 & 5/- per bottle of all chemists.

OUR GUARANTEE. Obtain a bottle of Irving's YEAST-VITE tablets from your chemist or by post. Take the treatment at our expense. If not thoroughly convinced of the wonderful power of these tablets BY ACTUAL RESULTS, post the empty bottle to us, and we will refund the money by return of post.

Send postcard for free treatise on Anæmia, Nerves, Skin Blemishes, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, &c., &c.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES,
"Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

WATERPROOF BARGAIN

YOURS TO WEAR for 1/- DEPOSIT

Autumn is at hand, and you will want a new Waterproof to keep yourself dry.

You will never have an opportunity of obtaining such a fine quality Waterproof on such exceptional Bargain terms as our offer to-day. We send either of the Waterproofs advertised below to any responsible readers of "John Bull" upon receipt of 1/- deposit only, after inspection you send 1/6, the balance is then payable by weekly instalments of 1/6 or monthly instalments of 5/-, as preferred by you. Read our brief description below and order to-day. You run no risk, as we willingly refund deposit if Waterproof is returned to us in good condition within 7 days.

No. 1.

Ladies' or Gent's Waterproof. Fine quality fawn or navy medium weight cloth, proofed check pattern lining, stitched and strengthened throughout, the latest fashionable shape and high grade finish. Worth double our present price. Lengths: Ladies', 42, 44, 46, 48, 50; Gent's, Chest, 32, 34, 36, up to 48. Shades: Fawn or Dark Navy. Price, Ladies' or Gent's, 21/-, sent on receipt of 1/- deposit. Cash with order Price 18/9, postage 6d. Be sure and state size and shade when ordering, and whether Ladies' or Gent's.

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Our famous "Silklet" Ladies' Waterproof. A really beautiful production, the latest West-End style, with the fashionable shot silk effect in the four favourite and fashionable shades. A waterproof that will give you plenty of hard wear and retain its lustre and smart appearance. A stupendous bargain at our present price of 28/6. Sent on receipt of 1/- deposit. Cash Price, 25/-, postage 6d. Lengths: 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 inches.

Colours: Bronze-shot-green; Rose-shot-green; Parma-violet-shot-green Opal-shot-gold.

Order now, remember you run no risk. We guarantee all our Waterproofs and want to keep your custom.

JAMES MARTIN AND SONS (Dept. 305),

82, ST. THOMAS'S ST., LONDON, S.E.1.

"The Greatest of These . . . . . "

A Sergeant of the Line

Starving in a Strange City

THERE is a military ditty, still popular at smoking concerts, called "A Sergeant of the Line."

A burly baritone who, apeing for the moment what he supposes to be the bluff and hearty manner of a non-commissioned officer, lustily bawls, "Come with me and you will see, that a soldier's life is fine," is usually greeted with applause.

Whatever glamour may be shed over non-commissioned Army rank in songs of this character, the tale must be told to a more doleful tune in dealing with the lot of the discharged military man.

The stripes which he once proudly wore did not avail to save from pitiable distress a sergeant of the line whose case was recently brought to our notice.

With excellent testimonials as to character, but no pension, he found the greatest difficulty in earning a livelihood upon his return to civilian life and he and his wife and family have had to put up with a hand-to-mouth existence.

HIS difficulties have been increased by disagreement among medical authorities regarding the extent of his incapacity, and the degree to which it is attributable to his war service.

While one set of doctors would not certify him fit to follow his usual employment, others declined to admit that he was entitled to treatment allowances from the Ministry of Pensions.

In these circumstances it was difficult for him to feed himself and his family, and the rent having unavoidably fallen into arrears, he was a few weeks ago evicted from his home.

There being no prospect of obtaining work in the county town in which he resided, he sold up his few remaining belongings and set out with his wife and family to look for employment elsewhere.

He found hope of a deferred kind in an offer of employment to take effect when the coal dispute has been settled, but at the time of writing to us he had no money with which to pay for his lodgings and feed his wife and three children.

We have put his case forward to the Ministry of Pensions for consideration, and "The Greatest of These—" Fund has provided for his immediate needs.

With winter approaching, the demands upon the fund will be greatly increased and generous subscriptions are urgently required.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

H. B. (W.2), 1s.; J. R. Ash, 10s.; Anon., 2s.; Nain (Glasgow), 6d.; Mr. A. H. Lee, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. P. Downey, 1s.; M. E. M., 1s.; J. N. S., M. E., 6d.; "Thankful," 2s. 6d.; Yeldap, 5s.; Celtic, 4s.; Mrs. Langston (Cawnpore, India), 7s.; Mr. A. James, (King's Thorne), 2s.; A Lucky Tenth, 3s.; Little Marion, 1s.; Mr J. Blackley (Cookstown), 2s. 6d.; "Anon." (Silvertown), 1s.; H. B. (W.2), 1s.; A. P. N., 2s. 6d.; Mr. A. Clare, 2s.; E. E. Cockerson, 1s.; Mr. Geo. Rowe, 1s. 6d.; Mr. E. Smithson (Burma, India), 1s.; Mr. R. E. Bowyer, 2s.; Mrs. Dongworth, 2s. 6d.; "Thrifty Aberdonian," 5s.; Mrs. Dawson (Rainham), 2s.; A. Buchanan (Aberdeen), 9d.; Anon., 1s.; Mr. R. Quincy, 1s.; Weekly Ninth, 1s.; Chorley's Ninth, 2s.; A Ninth, 1s. 6d.; Miss K. Geiger, 2s. 6d.; Mr. S. T. Brown (Oxted), 1s. 6d.; Mr. Wm. Cole, 10s.; L. T., 2s.; "Lucky," 2s. 6d.; F. H. B. (Southall), 5s.; T. S. and W. E. T. (Forest Gate), 2s. 6d.; N. B. (Plumstead), 1s.; R. D. (Edinburgh), 5s.; A. D. (Belgate), 1s.; M. S. L. C., 2s.; "Birdie" (Eastleigh), 1s.

(Many acknowledgements unavoidably held over.)

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Boils and other forms of Poisoned Blood

80 YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL CURES!

Tried and proved during 80 years, and now a household stand-by with scores of thousands of families all over the world—Burgess Lion Ointment and Pills are the safe, reliable, dependable remedy for—

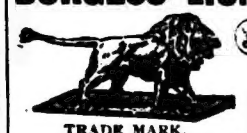
Abscesses	Whitlows
Bad Legs	Broken Breast
Boils, Carbuncles	Eczema, Ringworm
Ulcers, Old Wounds	Polypus

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

Read these few:—VARICOSE ULCERS: "I used Lion Ointment and it healed my leg; now I can get about as well as ever after years of suffering.—Mrs. H. B." POISONED FINGER: "I am very grateful to Lion Ointment; it healed my poisoned finger after all else had failed.—Mr. H. E. H." OPERATION AVOIDED: "Lion Ointment removed a piece of steel that had been in my finger for two months, avoiding operation.—Mr. M. B." DISEASED BONE: "We have used Lion Ointment for years and have cured many; one man was to have had his arm off.—Mrs. M. P." RINGWORM: "Lion Ointment saved my little girl's hair by curing her of Ringworm.—Mrs. R. C." DISTRICT NURSE: "I shall never be without it, as I consider Lion Ointment one of the most useful preparations any Nurse can use.—Miss M. L."

Lion Ointment always cleanses first—and then heals. It draws the poison OUT—it does not drive it IN. Soothing; harmless to any infant; yet powerful. Get a box from your chemist to-day.

BURGESS' LION OINTMENT AND PILLS



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One Art. DOWN QUILT (Sateen cover and panels).
Pair WHITE WOOLLY BLANKETS, English make.
Pair FINE TWILL SHEETS, real Lancashire woven.
Pair PILLOW CASES, pure White Longcloth.
One BOLSTER CASE, pure White Longcloth.
One LOVELY ALHAMBRA QUILT.
One SPLENDID STRIPED BED TICK.
One BEDROOM RUG, coloured floral design.
All for full-size Double Beds.
Satisfaction or money refunded.

FREE GIFT of a CHARMING BLOUSE. *(any size, to be sent with order. Treasury Notes should be registered.)*

This Sale can be purchased by easy instalments. Send for particulars.

L. & C. MOSS, Dept. J.B., Savoy Buildings, Pall Mall, MANCHESTER.

Sound Sleep and Perfect Digestion

If you are sleepless, use natural means to obtain rest. Dr. Cassell's Tablets will give you sound and restful slumber because they soothe and restore jaded nerves and impaired digestion. They contain no drugs.

Mr E. Coles.

Writing from **12, Upton Street, Porth, Rhondda, Mr. E. Coles** says:—"I am writing to tell you that I have received great benefit from your tablets and can greatly recommend them. I suffered from Indigestion and Sleeplessness for months at a time. The pains were severe, and I could not keep my food down. I had awful headaches. A friend of mine told me about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and after taking 4 or 5 boxes my health has improved a great deal. I shall recommend them to all my friends, and I shall never be without them."

(Signed) E. Coles.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown
Kidney Weakness
Children's Weakness

Neuritis	Anæmia
Indigestion	Palpitation
Sleeplessness	Headache
Neurasthenia	Wasting
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Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Prices, 1/3 and 3/-
Sold only in sealed packages at all Chemists and Stores.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

REGD. JB

1/6 Weekly

is all you pay for a *Hornless* Gramophone or 2/6 weekly buys a superbly made **No. 300A** Mead with richly coloured horn, solid oak case, large steel motor, & unusually loud Sound Reproducer. Sent (with 40 tunes) carriage paid on **10 DAYS' TRIAL.** Cabinet Models and Table Gramis at very low prices. Write for lists.

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for the SMALL DEPOSIT of 1/-

Sent on approval terms.

Ladies! Here is the opportunity to buy your new Winter Coat on the easiest of easy terms and a good coat which is smart looking, the correct style and latest fashion. A real good coat cut from all wool, good quality blanket cloth, smart in appearance, and most comfortable in wear. Price only 32/6 on easy terms for the small sum of 1/- deposit. It is our speciality for the season, well tailored, with loose side straps and box pleat, giving smart side effect, plain cuffs, etc. Easy terms, 1/- deposit now, 2/6 on delivery, and 4/- monthly. Send 1/- to-day and say which colour we shall send you. —Beaver, Helio, Rust, Wine, Green, Delph Blue, or Black. Satisfaction or deposit refunded. Coats 30/- to 65 *List Free.*

MASTERS **Ltd., 83, Hope Stores, RYE.**

FOR THE SMALL SUM OF **1/-** DEPOSIT

All sizes. Black or Tan.

Masters' New Boot that Won't Wear Out

Boots like other boots do. **RYCROME** leather soles are waterproof, wear twice as long as ordinary leather, and give you double value for your money. We offer these **RYCROME** Double-Wear Soled Boots, in Black or Tan, price 25/-, on special easy terms, which anybody can afford to pay. 1/- now, 2/- on delivery, and 4/- monthly, and you have the boots to wear while paying your monthly instalments. Give these wonderful **RYCROME** boots a trial. Send 1/- (P.O. or stamps) to-day and say what size we shall send you. Ladies' One-Tan Shoe, also Gibson Lace Shoes, 25/-, same terms—send 1/- to-day and say what size we shall send you. *List Free.*

MASTERS **Ltd., 83, Hope Stores, RYE**

Biggest "Bullets" Prize Ever Offered!

£2,500

4th. £50 PRIZE — 2nd Prize £250 — 3rd. Prize £100 — 5th. £25 PRIZE

10 PRIZES OF £5 — 100 PRIZES OF £1 — 10 PRIZES OF £2 10

200 Prizes of 5/- 15,000 TARGET PRIZES 1,000 Prizes of 2/6

£2,000 RESULT!

"BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 612.

FIRST PRIZE OF £2,000:
Mr. H. E. SMITH,
10, Wimbourne Road, Nottingham.
Example:—IN POVERTY STREET
Bullet:—LOTS THROUGH SAYING "LET'S —"
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £250:
Mr. W. SMITH, 31, Hamilton Road, Southville, Bristol.
Example:—THE OFFICIAL WAY
Bullet:—IGNORES PROTESTS—PROTESTS IGNORANCE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £100:
Mr. W. J. ROGERS, 1, Brooklyn Road, Cheltenham.
Example:—WORRIES HER
Bullet:—HUSBAND LOAFING—HUSBANDING LOAF.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £50:
Mrs. H. E. WELLS, 9, Glenmore Avenue, Stoke, Plymouth.
Example:—INFRINGING TRADE
Bullet:—"LAYING OUT" CAPITAL—DIFFERENTLY.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £25:
Mr. I. BARKER, 24, Trafalgar Street, Pontymister, Monmouthshire.
Example:—THE OFFICIAL WAY
Bullet:—TO-MORROW—EXCEPT WHEN SPENDING.

10 Prizes of £5 each.

J. BELL, 18, Pennsylvania Road, Torquay.
GOOD DAY'S WORK—DO—YOU WON'T DIE.
E. HENDERSON, 212, Claremont Road, Moss Side, Manchester.
WHAT IS BRITAIN?—"MONEY-BOX" EVERYBODY'S "KNIT'S [illegible]"
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)
E. HOWARTH, [illegible] Worsley Lane, Salford, Manchester.
COOK'S MISTAKE—AND WILLIAMS'—AND BALDWIN'S.
J. MCKEE, [illegible] Brook Avenue, Bloomfield, Belfast.
THE STARS—[illegible] LIES—HE'S "ASTRONOMER."
A. J. MORTIMORE, [illegible] Acland Road, Bournemouth.
THE MINE-OWNERS—Also UNLUCKY CHOOSING SPOKESMAN.

(Continued on page 4.)

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

There is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this: select any of the *Examples* below—then give any Two, THREE or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Thus a recent winner who selected the *Example* MADE MOTHER SMILE added the *Bullet* BECAUSE CRYING WON'T HELP, and secured £50 for those few words. Other recent big prize-winners were — *Example*: — "GOOD-BYE!" *Bullet*:—SHE SANG—HE SAID. *Example*:—IN A HOLE. *Bullet*:—THAT'S LIFE "ALL OVER." Now go ahead and win that £2,500 prize for yourself.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 615.

ROAD TO PROSPERITY
BRITAIN'S BUSINESS
WHAT WE MUST DO
MODERN LIFE
BUILDING THE EMPIRE
OUR FUTURE
WHY HE WAS HAPPY
SOMEWHERE
IN FIFTY YEARS
I THINK
WHAT HIS WIFE SAID
TRADE WAR
A PRETTY FIGURE
BUSY
SAVING LABOUR
THE MOTHERLAND
NEVER DONE
A GOOD TIME
SAID TO THE POLICEMAN
THE TOP DOG
WISER
IN DREAMLAND
SHE WISHES THAT
AFTER WORK
THE REFEREE
FATHER AND MOTHER
PLEASING HER
TENDERLY
SAVES TROUBLE
NOT WANTED NOW
POOR PAY
WHY SHE WAS SAD
BITING
TRUE LOVE
WHEN SHE'S OLDER
NOW I'M MARRIED
A MAN
WHEN WE WAKE UP
CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE
WHAT IS RACING?

☞ **Address Coupons to "Bullets," No. 615, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)**

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed [illegible] and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

PLEASE POST EARLY IF YOU CAN. You can help us by posting early, but all "Bullets" entered in time receive the same careful adjudication.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 21.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(615) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 21.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(615) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 21.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(615) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

☞ If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 21.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(615) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

PLAYER'S *"MEDIUM"* NAVY CUT CIGARETTES WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS

for Cool Smoking

PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

CIGARETTES

10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.

50 for 2/5 100 for 4/8

It's the Tobacco that Counts

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